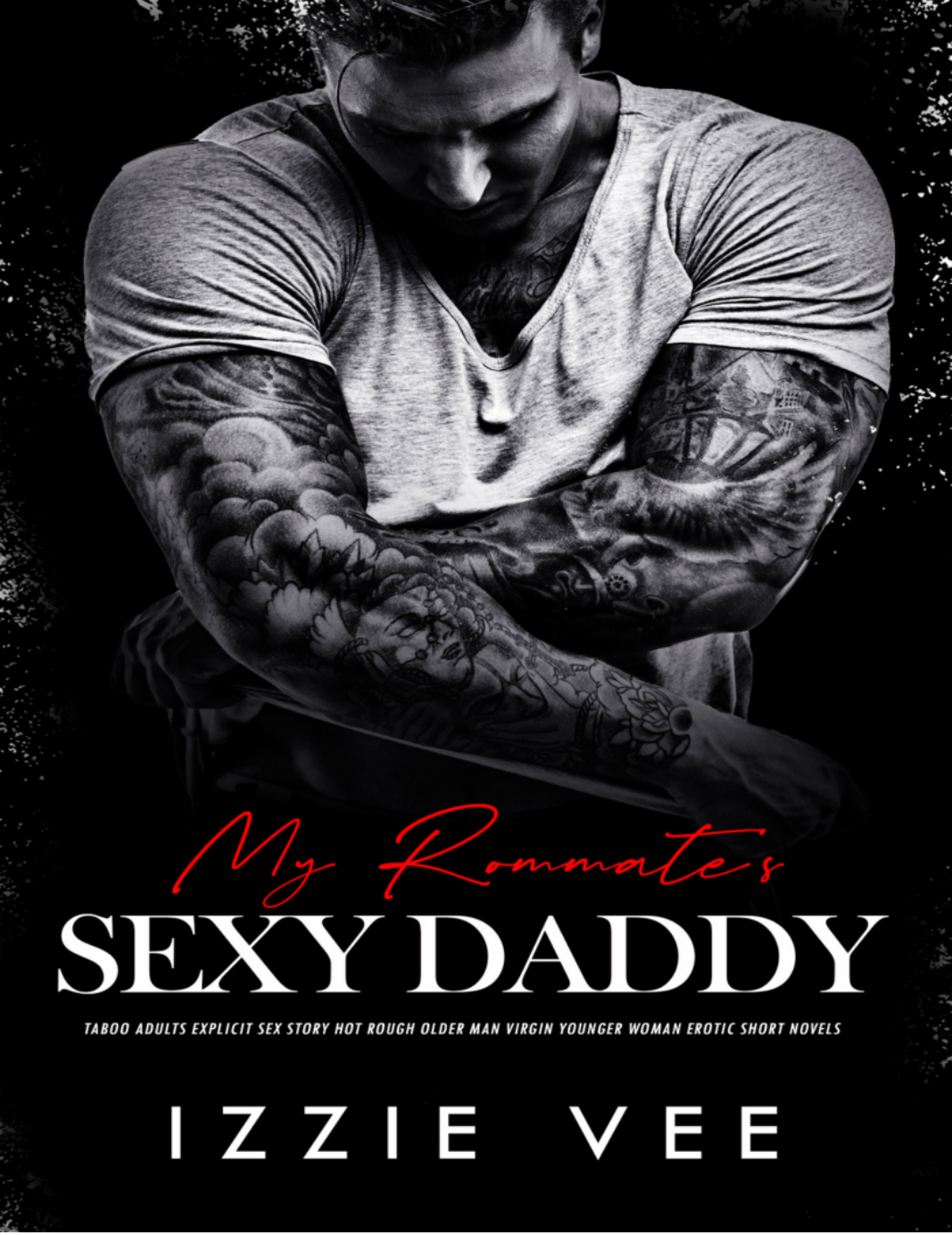
My Roommate's
SEXY DADDY
TABOO ADULTS EXPLICIT SEX STORY HOT ROUGH OLDER MAN VIRGIN YOUNGER WOMAN EROTIC SHORT NOVELS
IZZIE VEE

My Roommate's Sexy Daddy: Taboo Adults Explicit Sex Story

Hot Rough Older Man Virgin Younger Woman Erotic Short Novels

Steamy, Forced & Forbidden Romance

IZZIE VEE

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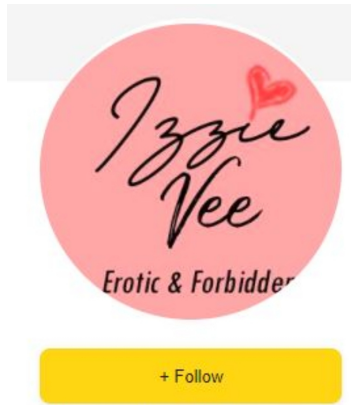

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Chapter 1

Jane

"Hey, nerd girl, my dad's coming over for a bit. You can stay, or you can leave. It's up to you," my roommate Courtney exclaimed as she typed away at her phone before casually fanning me off with a flicker to her wrist.

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes as I glanced at her. "It's fine. Just pretend I'm not here," I said as I flipped through the pages of my notebook.

"Well, that won't be hard," she murmured loud enough for me to hear.

I sighed and shuffled further into the bed, praying for the day to be over as I had done every day since this semester. It was an unending cycle and every day seemed worse. I missed my old roommate and wished she hadn't moved across the continent. But just my luck. Having someone I actually clicked with was a once-in-a-lifetime occurrence in my life, so when it actually happened, I was over the moon. Now I was back to earth and back to a dreadful reality, where my new roommate was like the spawn of satan and everything I feared and hated growing up. A mean girl. I had been foolish to think I'd get someone like my friend, Bailey, who was incredibly caring and sweet. Even though we still stayed in touch, I still felt like crying whenever I thought about her. But I was encouraged by the fact that I just had a couple of months left before this was all over; college life.

I sat there reviewing some notes for my economics class when a knock sounded at the door. Courtney immediately bounded from her bed, a huge grin on her face as she dashed toward the door, her bob bouncing around her neck as she did so. I shuffled further into my bed, now wishing I had taken the opportunity to head out instead of enduring Courtney and the person who helped bring her into this world. Surely, they were just the same; Courtney had to get her meanness from somebody.

I bit my lips and buried my head into my notebook, pretending to study because I knew there was no way I could do the real thing with a parent in the room. I already felt nervous for some reason. Maybe it was the fear I felt for the impending snarky remarks. I could just imagine it now. How she would whisper in her dad's ear as she glanced at me. Then they would laugh together while I stayed perched in my little corner.

My cheeks grew heated at the thought.

Courtney squealed. “Daddy, I’m so happy you came!” I didn’t even look in fear that one glance from Courtney would force my head back in my books.

“Of course. I missed my baby girl,” he said with a voice just as smooth as velvet and as deep as the ocean. I wasn’t expecting that voice on a man who was probably nearing fifty, but what did I know about men anyway?

Courtney giggled, which was so unlike her; it was almost scary.

“I bought everything you said you needed,” he said, and I could hear a few bags shuffle.

“Thanks, Dad, you’re the best!”

“Anything for you, sweetheart,” he said. There was a silent pause that I dreaded. “Who’s your friend?”

I sat on the bed, hoping someone else had entered the room and he wasn’t referring to me.

“Er … we’re just roommates, Dad,” Courtney said as she cleared her throat. “That’s Jane.”

I finally turned out of respect, preparing to offer a fake smile before burying myself in my books again. But I wasn’t nearly prepared for what or rather who confronted me as I did so. My eyes widened, and my mouth must have been on the floor while my heart began to race in my chest. Courtney’s dad was unlike anything I would have expected. He had the face and body of an action movie star with his sharp jawline and athletic body. I was dumbstruck, too amazed to utter even a word. And what made it worse was that he was staring right back at me with a small smile on his handsome face.

A flutter appeared in my stomach, and my palms suddenly felt wet. There was just something about how he looked at me with seemingly pitch-black eyes that seemed to bore through my soul.

“Hi, Jane,” he said as he moved toward me. I was certain I would pass out any minute with the way my heart was beating. Suddenly feeling self-conscious, I looked down at the pair of pajamas I hadn’t bothered to change out of this morning. It was pink and blue and had hello kitty all over it. I could feel my cheeks burn, and I felt like sinking through the floor with embarrassment.

But I couldn’t prove to be the complete loser that Courtney thought me to be, even though I looked like I had just come out of somebody’s nightmare with my tousled brown hair and bare face.

I cleared my throat and straightened up on the bed. “Hi, nice to meet you, sir,” I croaked and immediately wanted to kick myself.

He chuckled and extended his hand. “Please, call me Elliot.”

I swallowed with a nod and reached for his big arm with a complete sleeve of tattoos that disappeared beneath the sleeve of his snug T-shirt.

When my sweaty palm finally touched his, I had to hold back the gasp that threatened to spill from my lips. He was warm, and his big hands were firm. I didn’t know how to explain the feeling I had, but my entire body grew heated from the single touch, and I could feel my nipples growing hard beneath my shirt.

I quickly drew back my hand as if I’d been burnt and cleared my throat, glancing at Courtney, who had no care for the interaction that completely uprooted me.

“Nice to meet you, Elliot,” I said, my voice barely above a whisper.

His eyes lingered on me for a second, the smile not waning from his angular face as his eyes roamed over me.

“So, Dad, do you wanna go get dinner or something? I know you hardly cook, so you must be hungry,” Courtney said, and I almost jumped.

Elliot looked away, his attention on his daughter once more. “Er– sure. Sounds good.”

“Great, let’s go. I’ll unpack these later,” she said as she briefly glanced at the grocery bags before pulling a jacket from the portable closet.

Elliot turned to me again, and just like that, my heart was in a marathon. “Would you like to join us, Jane?” He asked.

My mouth fell open, but Courtney was already beating me to it before I could reply.

“Er … Jane is busy studying, Dad,” she said as she looked at me. “I’m sure that’s more productive than ruining our family time,” she said as she raised a brow at me.

My cheeks flamed as I glanced at Elliot. “Yeah, sorry. I really have to study.”

There was a small silence as he looked at me like he was trying to see the real truth within me.

“Okay, well, it was a pleasure meeting you, Jane. I’ll see you around,” he smiled.

I nodded and returned his smile. Courtney rolled her eyes, grabbed her purse and waited as her dad moved toward her and ducked beneath the door before she followed suit. The door closed with a soft click, and I sighed heavily as I plopped back down onto the bed.

It was hard to believe that Elliot was Courtney's dad when he didn't look a day over thirty. There wasn't even a grey hair in sight, and his body was a far cry from the famous dad bods. The complete opposite, actually. Elliot looked like he spent his days crushing weights and eating spinach.

I could still feel the firm grip on my hand and how he dominated the room with his presence. His scent still lingered – a musky, citrusy scent that was probably more intoxicating than any drug on the market. I brought the hand he had held to my nose and took in a whiff of it, the scent still ripe on my skin. I closed my eyes, and for the first time, I was daydreaming about a man — a man who was probably twice my age.

Catching myself, I opened my eyes and bounded upright, shaking my head. "What are you doing, Jane? Get a hold of yourself," I scolded myself.

How could I be attracted to someone's father? And yes, he was handsome and sexy and charming and consisted of all the good stuff that made girls like me swoon, but he was a dad, and worse … the dad of the girl I dreaded.

A few guys had approached me on campus, but I hadn't given them the time of day because none of them appealed to me. Yet, an older man came along, smiled at me and said a few words, and I was ready to risk it all.

Risk what exactly, Jane? A voice in the back of my head exclaimed, and I almost laughed at myself. Surely, I was getting ahead of myself. Yes, Elliot had spurred up unfamiliar feelings in me, but this was nothing but a new crush and nothing else. I could only watch and admire from afar, too afraid to make a move because that was definitely not the person I was… and because I was pretty sure Elliot saw me as nothing more than a little girl like his daughter. Not to mention the fact that Courtney would have my head on a stake if I were to try anything.

I sighed, knowing it was pointless to think of would-bes when the chances were zero.

My phone started to ring, and I was happy for the distraction. The last thing I should be doing was thinking about a man I couldn't have – one that would probably laugh at the idea of being with me.

A smile bloomed on my face when I saw the caller, and I knew it was just the right person I needed to take my mind off things.

“Hi, my favorite brother in the whole world!” I exclaimed chirpily.

Troy chuckled. “I’m your only brother in the whole world.”

I grinned. “That makes you a lucky bastard.”

He laughed. “Definitely that. How have you been? I’ve been a bit swamped the past couple of days. I’m sorry I couldn’t call as usual.”

I hugged my pillow and smiled. “I understand; don’t worry about it. I know by now that when I don’t get a reply, you’re busy with work,” I said a bit sadly, though that wasn’t the intention.

“I don’t want you to feel like your second priority, sis. You know you always come first,” he said.

“I know, and I don’t feel like that. We aren’t kids anymore; I know you won’t always have the time.”

“Well, you’ll always be my baby sister no matter how old we get,” he said.

I smiled, and my lips trembled. “Stop, you’re gonna make me cry,” I sniffed.

He chuckled. “Okay, so on a brighter note, guess who’s heading out to L.A. next weekend?” He said as his voice raised a pitch.

I could already feel the happiness bubbling up inside me as soon as I heard the words. I couldn’t resist a squeal as joy exploded within me.

“OMG, OMG!”

Troy laughed on the other end. “I already booked my flight. I’ll be there by Friday!”

My eyes stung with tears of happiness, and I hugged the pillows tight, wishing it was Troy instead. “Oh, my gosh! I can’t wait!” I exclaimed. “Eek, you’ve truly made my day, big bro.”

He was laughing on the other end. “Happy to hear it. Clear your schedule, sis. You’re in for the most amazing weekend of your life!”

I squealed. “Can’t wait!”

“I have to get back to work, but if you need anything, don’t hesitate to call.”

“Noted. I love you.”

“I love you too, sis, bye.”

I ended the call with a huge smile because that was the effect Troy always made when he called. With a single word, he could make my

day ten times better. Suddenly, I was waiting for this weekend to pass, so I could welcome the other and see my brother. It had been well over two months since I last saw him, and I had missed him every day since. It sucked being a state apart, but I had school, and he had work, and we had to find a way to make it work.

A few hours later, I took a shower, made some ramen and decided to watch a movie when the door opened, and Courtney made an appearance. She was humming to a song as she got inside and immediately went to her side of the room. I was automatically reminded of her father, Elliot, and how he had made me feel earlier. There were a lot of things I considered ever since we met, and one of those things was if I actually preferred older men.

But the more I thought about it, the more I realized I had never taken a liking to any man in particular until Elliot. There was this one guy in high school whom I had a huge crush on, but he was a jock, and I wasn't even close to being in his league. I guess the situations were a bit similar now, seeing Elliot was a complete eye candy who maybe had a string of models lining up to be with him. I was nowhere close to that.

"Hey, nerd girl!" A voice exclaimed, and I dragged myself from my thoughts to find Courtney there, looking at me annoyed, her stained lips set in a scowl.

"Yeah…?"

"'My man is coming over tomorrow evening. You can stay to watch us fuck, or you can give us the time," she shrugged nonchalantly. "It's up to you."

My cheeks flamed at her bluntness, and I could swear I felt a little bile in the back of my throat at the very thought. "Yeah, I'll be out your hair, don't worry."

"Hmm," she replied as she crossed her legs on her bed and typed away on her phone.

I rolled my eyes and decided to scrap the movie, thinking that the faster I fell asleep, the less likely I'd need to tolerate Courtney.

***

The following day, Courtney had made it clear that she would be indisposed in the evening. I had no friend to hang out with, so I decided to head to the café I worked last summer. It was always my go-to to clear my head and study, and I figured it wouldn't be any different this time around.

I pulled on a pair of leggings and a cotton shirt, grabbing my laptop before I headed out. As soon as I got there, I ordered my favorite – French vanilla and took one of the window seats that overlooked the busy street. I sighed with a smile already on my face as I got comfortable. It would be a while because I knew I couldn't risk possibly going back to the dorm to find Courtney wrapped up with her boyfriend. The idea was repulsive, and I wanted no part of it.

"Hey, are you free?" A text came in from Bailey.

I smiled and quickly replied. "Of course."

The next second, my phone started to ring with a picture of her on the screen.

"Hiiii!" I chirped, smiling into the phone.

Bailey was in bed, looking like she just woke up with her curly hair splayed across her pillows, her eyes a bit droopy.

She grinned at my voice. "Well, someone's in a good mood. How are you? I missed you so much!" She said, making a sad face.

"I miss you too! Life hasn't been the same since you left."

"Ugh, same… I thought South Africa would be cool, and it has been, but at this point, I've seen it all already. I just want to come back home!" She moaned.

I smiled. "Well we only have less than one year of college left. You can come back after?" I said, hopefulness in my voice.

"Definitely. So how's your new roomie?"

I rolled my eyes. "An absolute nightmare. She insists on calling me nerd girl, even though I literally struggle with some of my subjects!"

Bailey laughed. "Struggle and still get straight A's?" She asked as she raised a brow comically. "You need to stand up to her and talk back, Jane."

"Yeah, if I wasn't afraid that she'd maul me in my sleep."

Bailey giggled. "Don't be dramatic. I'm sure she's just all bark and no bite."

"I wouldn't be too sure. You should see her dad. He's like a handsome version of hulk."

"Oh, you've met her dad? See, you two are becoming friends already," she teased.

"He came by to drop off groceries for her, and then he left."

"So he's an asshole too, like his kid?"

“The complete opposite from the looks of it. He was really nice to me.”

Bailey’s mouth dropped open. “Why are you blushing? OMG, you like him!”

I quickly caught myself but ended up blushing even harder. “What, no! He’s someone’s father, Bailes! My enemy’s father at that,” I defended.

“Oh, please, as if that has anything to do with it. Tell me the truth!”

I groaned and slapped one hand over my face. “Okay, fine. He’s really sexy, and I got that tingly feeling when he was around!”

Bailey’s brown eyes widened to saucers. “You want to fuck him!”

At this point, I was as red as a beetroot as I looked around the café to see if anyone had heard Bailey’s outburst. Luckily, no one was in earshot of hearing us.

“OMG, stop. I don’t!”

Bailey laughed. “Oh, please. I know you, and you’ve never gotten this flustered over boy talk – only he’s not a boy, he’s a man. A man who can give you the time of your life!” She grinned.

I shook my head. “Just kill me right now. Bailey!”

“Come on, Jane. Your coochie probably thinks you’ve died. It needs some action!”

I glanced at the air vents because I was burning up from all this lewd talk. “Nothing is going to happen between us. Heck, he was just nice in a fatherly way. Nothing to get my panties in a bunch about.”

She scoffed. “Have you seen you? You’re fucking hot, and he’s a man. They can’t resist, Jane.”

I couldn’t help my smile but quickly remembered. “I was in pajamas when he saw me.”

Bailey choked out a laugh. “Well, hey, you’re beautiful too.”

I smiled. “You really know how to boost people, don’t you?”

She smirked. “All I’m saying is, the best way to get back at your hater is to fuck her father.”

“That’s never going to happen, and I’m not trying to ‘get back’ at anyone,” I almost whispered as I glanced around the café. “Anyway, isn’t it like midnight there? How are you up?”

She sighed. “I slept early, woke up and thought about you. I know we don’t talk as often with the different time zones, so I took the

chance, and here we are," she smiled.

I smiled. "Aww, I'm so happy you called, though. God knows I needed it," I sighed.

"Hey, just a couple more months, and you'll be done with college and forget your bitchy roommate ever existed – Courtney, that is."

I grinned. "I can't wait," I said as I raked my fingers through my hair, my eyes moving toward the cashier, where a short line was with people waiting to order. I did a double-take when I recognized someone. But not just anyone; the person who had been plaguing my mind since yesterday. Elliot was there with a knapsack on his back, and although I could only see his side profile, I had taken enough of him in to know it was him.

"What is it?" Bailey asked on the other end. "You look like you've just seen a ghost," she said.

I momentarily glanced back to the screen. "Not exactly. It's him," I whispered.

"Who?" She asked eagerly.

"Courtney's dad – Elliot!" I whisper-yelled.

"OMG, lemme see, lemme see!"

My palms felt sweaty again, even more so when I flipped the camera and tried my very best to slyly aim it at him. "Oh damn, he's hot from what I see. You sure he's her actual dad?"

I scoffed. "I thought the same thing. He is, though!"

Just then, Elliot turned, and our eyes locked. Bailey squealed on the other end, and I seemed to have lost all thinking. I shifted my phone abruptly, causing what was left of my coffee to spill over and my phone to land right in it. I muttered a curse as my eyes searched the table for a napkin. Luckily, I had gotten one with my coffee and quickly dabbed up the spillage and wiped it from my phone.

"He's so fucking hot. What!" Bailey was saying, despite my tragedy.

I already felt flustered, and to top it off, when I glanced back to the register, Elliot was making his way over to me with a worried look on his face. I wanted to take my purse and run toward the door, but he was already so close there was no escaping.

"Bailes, he's coming over; I've gotta go, bye!" I quickly whispered into the phone before I ended the call and slapped the phone to the table, plastering a smile on my face.

Elliot appeared right in front of me, one bulky hand clutching his

backpack, causing the muscles to pop up more in his hand. He wore a snug black T-shirt and clad denim that showcased his toned legs.

"Jane, hi, is everything alright?" He asked, still looking worried with his thick, narrow brows drawn together. My eyes roamed over his face unabashedly, and though I knew it was impolite and weird, I couldn't stop myself. The man was a looker. Though this time, I realized he looked a bit scruffy with a small bruise on his cheek and a small cut on his brow bone.

I cleared my throat. "I'm fine… just clumsy me," I said, wanting to kick myself. "How are you? I er – you should put something on that," I said, my hand moving to my own cheek.

An emotion crossed his face, and he quickly cleared his throat. "Ah, that's nothing. I'll be fine," he said, those dark eyes boring into me again.

There was a short silence. "Would you mind if I joined you?"

My heart started to thud faster. "Er, not at all…"

Just then, the barista called his name, and we both looked to the cashier. "Just a sec," he said as he went to get his order. I swallowed hard and adjusted my shirt, trapping a few tendrils of my loose hair behind my ear. Elliot returned with a cup and what looked to be a sandwich. He smiled as he took a seat on the opposite end of me. My eyes lowered to his hand that gripped his cup. I took note of his red, bruised knuckles and had to wonder what type of a man he was. Yes, he had the tattoos and was huge, but I didn't want to automatically assume he was a bad guy. Maybe he got into a bar fight, I surmised. Everything still looked so fresh; it made me wonder. What if he were a bad guy who was just putting up a nice front, so I couldn't see through the façade.

"I hope I wasn't disturbing your studying," he said as he took a drink and glanced at my laptop.

"Er, no. I haven't even started. I just usually come here to clear my head."

He nodded. "I'd expect you to be out with friends partying. But you don't strike me as the average college kid, Jane."

He called me a kid, great. "Yeah, I'm not really into that stuff. I'm very much an introvert," I said, managing a tight smile, trying to do anything but look into his eyes.

He chuckled. "I see. So are you from around here? L.A., I mean."

"No, originally from Arizona. I'm just here for college. How about you?"

“Yeah, I live about twenty minutes from here. Court wanted the whole college experience, so she decided to do the whole dorm thing. But I just think it’s an excuse to go out whenever she wants.”

I smiled, not knowing what to say. I looked to my cup for a distraction but remembered it was empty.

“You should join us for dinner sometime,” he said as he eased back in his chair.

“I’m not your daughter’s biggest fan – I hardly think she’d like that,” I said, managing a tight smile.

“She can be a bit snarky at times, but I promise once you get to know her, she’s the sweetest,” he said.

I wouldn’t hold my breath for that to happen, as I would probably end up dead.

“Yeah, we’ll see.”

He cleared his throat and glanced at his watch. “Well, I’d better get going, Jane. It was a pleasure seeing you again,” he said as he stood.

I stood, too, my knees hitting the table and almost causing me to knock it over. “It was nice seeing you too, Elliot.”

“Give that dinner invite some thought?”

I smiled tightly. “Will do.” I knew I wouldn’t. Not with Courtney there, anyway. He nodded, smiled, and I watched as he left the café with his broad back flexing, a single tattoo peeking over the neck of his shirt. How many tattoos did this man have? I was somehow curious to know, but not only to see the tattoos – something else completely. His scent lingered behind and filled my nostrils, and I almost shivered. That flutter had returned to my stomach, but this time, it was more intense. It was bittersweet because, on the one hand, I wanted to bask in the feeling, but at the same time, I knew I couldn’t because things would get complicated way too fast, and Courtney would maul me for sure. Then there was the fact that he was probably twice my age, and society would look down on us — it just couldn’t happen. *Best to take your mind off it,* my subconscious spoke.

But that was easier said than done because all I could think about for the rest of the day was the charming older man.

Chapter 2

Jane

Although Courtney was being her usual self throughout the rest of the week, I didn't mind because the anticipation of seeing my brother was greater than anything else. All the snarky remarks she passed at me were like dust that quickly floated away as soon as they came. I was free that Friday morning, so I took the time to wash and press my hair and pluck my brows before Troy came. I didn't want him to see how bad I was taking the whole college thing, so I had scoured every inch of me, and I was practically glistening by the end of it. For the first time in what seemed like forever, I let my hair out, happy with the luscious bounce that fell to my back. I waited, seeing Troy had not given me a specific time when he'd be here.

Courtney entered that afternoon, glancing at me through the corners of her eyes but quickly doing a double-take when she saw me sitting on my bed.

"Wow, look who finally managed to crawl out of their little dusty shell," she scoffed.

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes, instead managing a tight smile and bearing in mind that Troy would be here anytime.

"Finally realized that college doesn't have to be a snooze fest, huh?" She continued with a dry laugh.

I huffed. "Why do you always have to be such a bitch?" I snapped, feeling the blood drain from my face as soon as I said the words.

Her head snapped toward me, her eyes wide, brows raised with a look of disbelief on her face. "What did you just call me?"

I swallowed, deciding to speak my mind before anything happened. Things were already going south, anyway. "I've been nothing but tolerant of you since you got here. I've stayed out of your way, and I've allowed you to take countless jabs at me. Give it a rest, Courtney!" I exclaimed, my chest heaving as I spoke, now too afraid to even move. She shot daggers at me with her intense green eyes, and I started to regret everything I had said as she approached me. But before she got any closer, a knock came at the door, and she paused in her tracks, gritting her teeth before turning to the door.

I sighed in relief, watching as she opened the door and Elliot made an appearance. My heart started to beat fast — the usual effect when he was around, and my palms got sweaty. I watched as Courtney flung

her arms around him, squealing in the embrace.

“Dad!” She exclaimed in a voice that had gone higher – the complete opposite of how she’d spoken to me earlier.

Elliot chuckled as he embraced her, squeezing her tight before kissing her on the cheek. “Hey, pumpkin,” he greeted, smiling down at Courtney.

His eyes met mine, and I swallowed, trapped in the heat of his gaze. His eyes darkened as they roamed over my entire body in mere seconds.

“Jane… hi,” he said as they broke apart.

Courtney rolled her eyes and walked toward her desk to pick up something. I licked my lips and managed a smile. “Hi.”

“You look lovely,” he said, unabashedly giving me a once-over that had my knees going weak.

“Thank you.”

“Come on, Dad. We have to get going before the store closes,” Courtney mumbled as she pushed the shopping bags Elliot had brought to the side.

“Still haven’t taken me up on my invite, Jane?” He asked.

I cleared my throat. “Maybe some other time.”

Just then, Troy appeared at the door that Elliot hadn’t bothered to close. He had a huge smile on his face as he dropped his bags to the floor and opened his arms to me. I screamed as I bounded from the bed and flung my body into his. He laughed as he picked me up and spun me around twice while I latched onto him and soaked up everything he offered.

“Oh, my gosh, you’re here!” I grinned, almost on the verge of tears with happiness.

“I told you, didn’t I?” He grinned as he put me down and looked me over. “You look so beautiful.”

I blushed as I slapped him on his bulky arm. “You don’t look too bad yourself.”

Troy gave his charming smile and pinched my cheeks before his eyes moved past my shoulder to Courtney and Elliot, who stood there curious. Courtney, however, looked more intrigued than anything else. I glanced at Elliot to see that his face had hardened, and he didn’t look as welcoming as he had earlier. Instead, he looked ready to kill someone, and I found that to be the most confusing thing ever.

“Er… this is my roommate Courtney and her dad, Elliot,” I informed Troy. Courtney hopped up in front of Troy, a huge smile on her face. My brows furrowed.

“This is my big brother, Troy,” I said, watching as Courtney’s brow raised.

“Nice to meet you,” Troy said with a smile, reaching out to shake Courtney’s hand. She took it eagerly, a sly expression on her face.

“Pleasure is all mine.”

The grim expression had gone from Elliot’s face, and he now had on the smile he had when he had just entered. He greeted Troy with a handshake, and I watched as I mentally compared them. They were around the same height, but surprisingly, despite being the gym enthusiast that Troy was, Elliot stood out more – more strapped in every aspect. Maybe it was the tank top he had on today, but every hardened ridge of his body seemed magnified – taut and riddled with tattoos.

“Love the ink, man. Who’s your guy?” Troy asked.

Elliot glanced at his arm. “Er, I had these done years ago, so that part of my memory is a bit foggy,” he chuckled. “But there’s a guy on eight that’s pretty good too.”

Troy nodded. “Cool. Luckily, I have my baby sis here to show me where that is,” he smiled as he looked down at me. Elliot did the same, and my cheeks flamed a bright red.

“Well, it’s nice meeting you, Troy. We’d better get going,” Elliot said as he glanced at Courtney, then at me. “Jane…”

“Bye,” I said before dropping my gaze to the floor.

I bit my lips and watched as they left, Courtney doing a cute little finger wave as she left.

I turned my smile back to Troy, who started to examine my room. “It’s a wonder you fit in this thing.” He said as he took his bags.

“I’m not nearly as big as you. It works,” I laughed.

He grinned a straight line of pearly whites. “True.”

I sat on the bed. “So, where are you staying?”

“I booked the weekend at a motel in town. Nothing fancy; just somewhere to lay my head,” he winked. “I’m starving. Let’s go get something to eat and catch up.”

“Now you’re talking my language,” I grinned as I grabbed my purse.

Half an hour later, we were at Troy’s favorite fast-food joint

whenever he visited. We ordered and sat there eating – Troy having decided on a double cheeseburger. He closed his eyes as he chewed, the corners of his mouth packed with food.

"So, how's the roommate?" He asked between swallows.

I rolled my eyes. "The worst."

His thick bushy brows furrowed. "Really? She didn't seem so bad to me."

"That's what she wants you to think. I can't wait to be done with her," I sighed as I sipped on my soda.

"You must miss Bailey, huh?"

"More than you know. We talk as often as we can, though."

"Well, that's great, at least. How's she doing?"

"I think she's done with the place and wants to return home."

Troy chuckled. "Well, once school is over, you two can reunite again."

"Yeah, I can't wait. Seriously."

He smiled and reached across to pat my hand. "So, who's the lucky guy?"

I almost choked on my drink. "What?"

"You're glowing. Has to be someone."

My cheeks flushed. "I'm not. I'll let you know I made an effort to look extra pretty just to see you."

Troy grinned. "You don't have to make an effort, sis. You're beautiful, anyway."

I couldn't hide my smile. "But that still doesn't answer my question," he insisted.

"There's no one, I swear. These college guys are all idiots."

He laughed as he wiped his mouth. "No argument there."

"How about you? I know you must have a girlfriend by now."

He scratched the nape of his neck. "I don't know. She wants to be exclusive, and I don't know if I want that yet…"

"Why not?"

He shrugged. "It'll become more real, I guess. I kinda like my freedom in a sense."

"So… are you seeing other people?"

“No, I…” he trailed off and raked his fingers through his sandy blonde hair. “I just have a feeling things will move too fast afterward, and she’ll want to move in and then she’ll wanna get married…”

I laughed. “You’re definitely thinking too far ahead. Do you love her?”

He looked up at me from under his eyes, a sly smile on his face. “I’m not having this conversation with my baby sister,” he laughed.

“What?!” I gawked. “I’m not so much a baby anymore, you know.”

He shrugged. “You’ll always be to me. You’re the only person I’ve got left in this world, Janey.”

I hung my head to the table and fiddled with my fries. “I wish Mom and Dad were here,” I said, feeling a lump in my throat as sadness took me over.

Troy reached across to take my hand, giving it a gentle squeeze. “Me too. But we’ve got each other, and as long as we have that, we’ll be okay,” he smiled. I smiled back and nodded. “Now come on, we didn’t come here to rehash the past and get all sad about it. We’re gonna have some fun,” he said as he pushed back into the rickety iron chair, causing it to scrape loudly against the checkered tiles. Troy then pulled a few notes out of his pocket and laid them on the counter before reaching for my hand with a smile on his face.

I grinned as I took his hand and hopped behind him as we left the café.

***

We went to an amusement park, rode the Ferris wheel, played some games and took advantage of every fun thing in sight. I had a smile on my face the entire time because this was the happiest I had ever been in months. Later that night, I followed Troy back to his hotel room and crashed on one of the beds. I would have gone back to the dorm, but I was afraid of what might happen after the way I left things with Courtney earlier. I was too tired for a confrontation and too happy to let anything spoil my day.

That Saturday morning, I got up and washed my face, preparing to head back to the dorm to freshen up before I met with Troy again.

“I’m gonna go take a shower and change, and then we can meet up somewhere.”

He nodded. “I think I’m gonna head to that place your roommate’s dad suggested. I’ve been planning on getting a fresh tat.”

“Do you even know where that is?” I asked.

“I was hoping you’d come, but I’ll just ask around.”

“I can follow you.”

“Nah, I’ll be fine. While you’re getting yourself together, I’ll be doing that. It’ll save us some time.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah, don’t worry about it,” he said, kissing my forehead.

I smiled. “Ok, well, I’ll see you in a few.”

“Hey,” he said, and I paused in my tracks, turning back to look at him. “There’s this boxing thing I wanna go to tonight. Heard about it online. You don’t mind coming, do you?”

Although the idea of cracking bones and blood didn’t appeal to me in the slightest, this was Troy, and I would do anything to see him happy. He loved this sort of stuff. “Of course.”

A hundred-watt smile appeared on his face. “Sweet!”

Chapter 3

Jane

I didn't know if I had suddenly attracted a spurt of luck, but I found myself counting my blessings when I arrived at the apartment, and Courtney wasn't there. I smiled to myself as I quickly took a shower and changed into something for the coming evening. Troy had offered to take me shopping before his boxing game. At least I had one thing to look forward to. I'd been starved for a closet upgrade anyway.

Two hours later, I met him there, and we explored a couple of malls, got a few things and went back to my dorm to put them down. After that, we had something to eat, and at seven, I could see the excitement on Troy's face.

"We should get going," he said. "I don't wanna miss even a minute."

"Where is this place anyway?" I asked as I hopped into the rental he had gotten for the weekend.

"Um, a basketball court. A friend of mine said he'd tag me the location."

"Are these things even legal?" I asked, furrowing my brow.

He grinned. "It's fun; that's all you need to know," he winked.

I rolled my eyes and groaned, knowing that was enough of an answer to my question. I didn't recognize the street we were on, but the further I went, the more cars I found were parked ahead. Troy filled in one of the empty slots that surrounded an old basketball court and glanced at me with excitement evident on his face.

A loud ruckus could be heard further up, which sounded like shouts and boos all mixed together. My stomach churned at the idea of what I was walking into, but Troy was just buzzing with excitement as he bounded from the car, waiting for me to do the same. I hugged my shoulders as soon as I got out, regretting that I hadn't taken a jacket with me.

"Come on, sounds like it's already started," he said as he closed the doors and walked ahead to where a huge crowd had gathered around the court. I skipped a little to catch up with Troy, and he held my hands as we moved through the thick crowd that glanced at us with scowls on their faces as we bore through. I was scared of any sort of

confrontation but knew no one would dare approach Troy with his giant-like build. Heck, they probably thought he was there to put on a show as well.

We settled at the front, having a clear view of what was happening before us. There was only a small circle left for those who were fighting, people lining the edge with fists in the air as they cheered their favorites on. I shuffled as close as I could to Troy, who had his eyes glued on the two men in the ring. One was tall and slender, while the other one looked like he belonged on the front page of a fitness ad. Though the other had the height advantage, I imagine one punch from baby hulk would floor him.

That became fact in a matter of seconds as the bulky one took a swing right in the face of the slender one. I cringed as the loud crack resonated through the crowd, blood spewing from his nose, which he quickly grabbed onto and staggered back into the crowd. The people pushed him back as they cheered for him to get back out there, but before anything else could happen, he slouched to his knees, one hand in the air as a sign of surrender while he continued to hold his nose with the other.

The people burst into a chorus of noises, some clearly disappointed but the majority cheering on the winner. My stomach churned as I watched the victor slap his chest and meet the crowd's enthusiasm while two men came and peeled the loser off the floor, helping him out of the ring. I glanced at Troy, who was literally buzzing with excitement, his eyes wide, a smile on his face as he watched.

“I’m fucking ready to floor someone else… right now!” The bulky man shouted, gaining a number of whistles and howls from the reckless crowd.

“Oh, shit, I’m putting my money on that guy,” Troy exclaimed as he dug into his pockets and took out his wallet, almost fumbling with the task as excitement ran through him.

“You don’t even know who the other guy is yet,” I put in.

He scoffed. “Do you see the muscles on that guy? No one here stands a chance!” He laughed.

I found myself glancing around the crowd to see if I saw anyone who fit the bill. But, unfortunately, nobody from where I stood did, and I had to admit, he had a point.

“So, who’s ready?!” The guy shouted, “cause I fucking sure am!”

For a few seconds, no one entered, but then a man walked up to him and peeled off his shirt, throwing it to the side. I couldn’t make

out who it was as his back was turned, but I realized they were both the same in muscle size, but the new guy was a bit taller.

“Holy fuck!” Troy exclaimed. “Now there’s some competition.”

A series of murmurs erupted in the crowd, and I stood looking to see who it was. When he turned around, my breath caught in my throat, and my lips hung apart. It was Elliot. I didn’t know how I hadn’t noticed the entire sleeve of tattoos on his arm, but he was the last person I expected to see here. Or was he? He looked like just the type to be at places like these. Yet I was too mesmerized to think of the hows and whys. I was too intrigued by his bare upper body and how every inch of him looked as hard as a stone. There were tattoos along his side, and as he turned around to acknowledge the crowd, I couldn’t take my eyes off the wings on his back. This time, he wore shorts that showed off his toned legs and his firm ass, which made me suddenly feel hot on the chilly night.

“Wait, what the hell. Isn’t he – is that the guy who was in your dorm. Your roomie’s dad?” Troy asked as he glanced at me, his brows furrowed with curiosity.

I nodded. “Yeah.”

“Holy shit, this is intense. Wait, did you know he did this sort of thing?” He asked.

My head snapped to his. “No. I don’t know anything about the guy other than the obvious.”

“Shit, well now I don’t know who the fuck to bet on. They’re both huge,” he said as he looked around. “Stay here, and don’t move. I’m gonna walk around to see what the people think, and then I’m gonna place my bets. Don’t move, okay?”

I sighed at the baby treatment. “Okay.”

I couldn’t take my eyes off Elliot, and for some reason, there was a nervous knot in my stomach for him. As I watched him, things started to become clearer. The bruises on his hands and face. It all made sense. This was the sort of thing he did, but for a living? Did Courtney know all this? Was this the reason she was always so mean? Because she knew her dad could break someone’s neck if they dared tried her? I had too many questions and nowhere near the answers. The man I had been crushing on for the past week did street fights and was probably a bad guy. I didn’t know what to think, but did any of it change how I felt about Elliot? No.

Ten minutes later, Troy returned with a sigh. “Okay, so from what I’ve heard, it’s fifty-fifty. These guys never lose and have been doing

this sort of thing for a long time. There's a shitload of money on the two of them, but since your guy there put me on to that tattoo artist, I put my money on him. Fingers crossed, sis."

"He's not my guy," I murmured under my breath, though hoping that it would somehow be true.

I sighed, and a few minutes later, the fight commenced. I hugged myself and tried to calm my beating heart but knew there wouldn't be any relief until this was all over. There was no way of knowing who would win just by looking at them. They both had the same muscle mass and looked just as deadly as they squared each other up as if trying to predict their next move. The crowd was louder than ever, and I realized a few more people had gathered around us, some sitting on the tops of fences as they cheered on their favorite.

The first guy tried to issue the first blow, which Elliot skillfully dodged and took the opportunity to swiftly jab him in the face. The guy staggered back, shook his head a little and hopped on his feet, preparing himself to go again. As he launched forward, he kicked at Elliot, and I gasped, but Elliot grabbed his leg and flung him to the floor. The crowd erupted as the two beasts fell to the ground in a rustle, Elliot on top as he dropped punch after punch in his face. My heart rejoiced a little, but the excitement quickly dimmed when the other guy wrung his leg around him and gained the upper hand, bringing Elliot on his back while he assumed the position Elliot had been in earlier. Two punches had Elliot's head flashing to the side, and I covered my mouth as terror made its way through me.

My eyes filled with tears for some reason I couldn't comprehend, my heart feeling as if it were about to gallop out of my chest. As he laid there collecting punches, his head snapped in my direction, and our gazes locked. I gasped, and his eyes widened as he stared at me in shock. The tears finally fell from my eyes, and Elliot's darkened. In one swift movement, he punched the guy and got him off him. They scrambled to their feet, but the other guy didn't have time to collect himself because Elliot's legs were in his chest as he brought him to the floor again and trapped in a chokehold. The other guy scraped at his hands aimlessly as his face reddened, and the veins began to pop out in his face. He bared his teeth and held onto Elliot's bulky muscles, but it did nothing to alleviate the pressure.

I couldn't believe my eyes. Tears were streaming down my face, and there was no way to stop them as I continued to watch the scene in front of me. Finally, the big buy slapped the floor and the crowd went into a frenzy before Elliot finally let him go, leaving him there as he coughed and tried to catch his breath.

“Yesss!! That’s what I’m fucking talking about. I knew there was something I liked about that guy!” Troy said with a grin. One that quickly faded when he saw the look on my face.

“Janey, what’s wrong?” He asked, worrylines etched across his forehead.

I sniffed. “Just take me home, please.”

I took one last glance at the ring and realized Elliot’s eyes were glued to mine. Wiping at the tears, I briskly turned on my heels and pushed through the swarm of people.

Troy ran behind me. “Janey, I don’t understand. What’s the issue here?” He asked as he ran behind me.

“Nothing,” I snapped. “This just isn’t my crowd.”

He sighed as he looked back to the ring and raked his fingers through his hair. “You can stay if you want. I’ll just stay in the car or find some way to get back to the dorm,” I said.

He bit his lips as he weighed the options. “Just stay in the car, please. I swear, one more fight, and then I’m done,” he said as he clasped his hands at me.

There was no way of denying Troy this one thing when he had sacrificed so much for me over the years. He always tried to make me happy and though we had different views on things and liked different stuff, I didn’t mind coming to a compromise just to make him happy.

“Ok, I’ll stay in the car until you get back.”

He grinned and kissed me quickly on the cheeks, my small face nestled between his big palms. “Thank you. I love you, and I’ll be back before you know it!” He said before he bounded off toward the crowd.

I sighed and went to sit in the passenger’s side of the car. Elliot was the only thing on my mind and how lethal he had looked as he stood in that ring. I was confused about whether he was a good guy or a bad one. I didn’t want to judge, but that’s all I had to base things on.

A knock suddenly came at the window and I jumped with fright as I looked to see who it was. The revelation didn’t make me any calmer. If anything, it made me a lot more flustered. Elliot stood there with a shirt now draped over his top and a towel slung around his neck. I swallowed hard as I wound the windows down and met his toe-curling gaze.

“Hey, Jane. Could I have a minute?” He asked me.

I bit the inside of my lips as I glanced around the car. I cleared my throat. “Do you wanna sit?” I asked as I gestured toward the empty driver’s seat.

He thought about it for a second before he nodded, “sure,” and went around to the other side.

I shifted in my seat and glanced down at the little dress I wore that had most of my legs exposed. I tugged at the hem and tried to cover up as much as possible before Elliot entered. When he did, he completely filled out the car, more than Troy did, who was also very big in the small car.

He smiled at me, and I smiled at him, the tension already so thick that Elliot could punch through it.

His Adam’s apple bobbed. “I didn’t peg you as the type to like street fighting,” he said.

“I don’t,” I blurted. “I only tagged along with Troy because he does,” I said, staring at the bruises on his face, the tiniest one on the corner of his lips. Compared to what had been happening inside the ring, he didn’t look too bad. I had expected worse.

He nodded slowly as he cleared his throat and shifted in the seat to look directly at me. “I er – I’m sorry if I made the whole thing uncomfortable for you.”

I managed a tight smile. “It’s fine. I’ve seen worse.”

That made him smile for a brief moment. “I know you and Court aren’t the best of friends, but I’d really like it if you kept this between us, Jane.”

I swallowed. “We don’t even talk. You don’t have to worry about that,” I said.

He nodded, and a small silence passed between us. “Why don’t you want her to know?” I couldn’t resist asking.

“College is enough for her to worry about for now.”

I nodded. “Fair enough.” Our eyes met. “You should put something on those bruises.”

He touched the small one on his forehead. “I have a first aid kit at home. I’ll be fine,” he smiled, and I licked my lips as I watched his. I was burning alive inside the car despite the air conditioning I had turned on. Without having to touch me, Elliot was able to evoke emotions inside me that I didn’t think myself capable of having. I couldn’t take my eyes off him no matter how hard I tried. There was

a voice in the back of my head telling me to end the conversation so he could leave, but he was staring at me, and I was staring right back at him. Our heads moved closer, and I held my breath as I sweetly awaited what would happen next, even though my heart was hammering out of my chest.

His crispy, sweet breath fanned against me, his musky cologne seeping out and filling my nostrils. When his lips touched mine, I couldn't do anything but close my eyes as the soft feather-like feeling caressed mine and sent tingles through my body. I opened my mouth and welcomed his hot tongue inside as he gently kissed me. I almost moaned against his mouth but stopped myself as I basked in the euphoria of the caress. His hand came around the small of my back, his heated touch penetrating through my skin. The sensitive area between my legs began to throb with need, and I found myself deepening the kiss, wanting more than what I was getting, while my body burned at a fever pitch. I had only kissed a boy once and only remembered it simply because it was my first. I felt like I was in another dimension with Elliot, and my body was on cloud nine as pleasure erupted through my body. I soaked up his smell, his firm touch, his soft lips. Everything played a part in making this one of the best experiences of my life. I didn't want it to end, but the voices outside forced me to pull myself apart and collect myself. I was still breathing heavily, my lips still apart as I looked at Elliot, who had an animalistic look in his eyes. My face flushed.

I licked my lips, tasting him on it. "I've wanted to do that from the very first time I saw you," he said a bit huskily.

My heart fluttered at his confession. "You have?"

He nodded. "I don't know what it is about you, Jane, but I haven't been able to get my mind off you since that first time."

Heat sparked through me. My heart felt full. "I've been thinking about you a lot, too," I almost whispered.

He smiled. "I was afraid of confronting you earlier, but I've seen the look in your eyes, and if I'm not mistaken, I think you want this as much as I do."

I swallowed. "What exactly."

His eyes moved down the length of my body. "Tell me you are wet for me just as my cock is hard for you," he said, and I gasped at his bluntness, my cheeks flamed.

"I– I am," I shyly admitted.

He smiled, and just as his mouth opened to speak, Troy came into

view, stopping to talk to someone. I glanced at Elliot who had straightened in his seat.

“You should go,” I said.

He nodded. “I guess I’ll see you around, Jane.”

Before I could reply, he was gone, and the cold air from outside welcomed me, reminding me of the gap he had left and how he had filled it and me with warmth earlier. I couldn’t believe that had happened. My brain was still in shambles, trying to make sense of it. I kissed Elliot, and it was the most amazing thing in the world. Elliot, who was my awful roommate’s father. I began to spiral, trying to make sense of all that had happened. Maybe he had gotten a concussion in the fight and could not think clearly. That was the only logical explanation for all this. There was no way I actually managed to arouse him, and there was no way he had liked me from the start.

“See, I didn’t take long, did I?” Troy’s voice came, and I almost bounded from the car in fright.

He laughed. “Hey, it’s only me. Sheesh, sis. You should lighten up sometime.”

I sighed and flopped back into the chair. “Sorry, I just… I’m a little angst.”

“Don’t worry, the horror of it is all over and look what I won,” he said as he pulled a couple of hundred-dollar notes.

My eyes popped open. “What the heck!”

“Cool, right,” he grinned, handing me a sum. “That’s for you.”

I took it confused. “What, I didn’t even do anything.”

“I only met Elliot because of you, and if I hadn’t, I probably would have bet on the wrong guy. Buy yourself something nice.”

I smiled. “Thank you. But you’ve already done so much by coming here, Troy. You don’t need to spoil me.”

“But oh I do. Who else do I have to live for?”

“Yourself, of course!”

He rolled his eyes and started the car. “Please, I love you way more,” he winked, and I blushed, smiling.

….

When Troy dropped me off, I knew I had to confront reality. Courtney was probably there, although she was maybe out seeing it

was a Saturday night. I made my way to our room and opened the door, hoping that I would just take a shower and go to bed thinking of her father, but as soon as the door opened, she was the first person I saw. My heart wrenched in my chest as our gazes locked. There was no escaping her. I made my way in and closed the door, second-guessing that choice in case I needed a quick escape.

"Good night," I said as I made my way to my area.

"Hey, can we talk?"

My mouth fell open at the question and the soft tone in her voice. "I er… yeah, I guess."

I took a seat on my bed, and she came to stand in front of me, already in her pajamas with her blue-streaked black hair caught in a little ponytail. "I'm sorry for being an ass," she said. It took me a while to process what she said because this was the last thing I expected she would say. "You didn't deserve it," she said.

My eyes widened. "Thanks…?"

She sighed. "You know you're pretty perfect, Wiley. I guess I kinda envied that. I didn't even realize I was being such an asshole until you pointed it out earlier," she scoffed.

My brows furrowed. "I'm far from perfect, Courtney."

She scoffed. "Not far. I mean, you're pretty, you're smart, and you have a family that loves you. I only have my dad."

I swallowed. "I only have my brother. Both my parents died a couple of years ago," I said and my voice cracked.

Her brows raised. "Oh fuck, and here I was thinking you had that all-American family with the white picket fence and shit," she said as she shook her head. "I'm sorry about that."

"No need to be. We often misjudge each other."

She nodded. "Yeah, well it's stupid and unproductive," she smiled.

"Sure is."

Scratching the nape of her neck, she said. "Well, from now on, Wiley, you don't have to worry about me being an ass to you," she said before she moved over to her side.

I bit my lips and wordlessly went to get myself prepared for bed. I hadn't anticipated feeling guilty, but that was the feeling that overcame me as I went to bed. Lusting after Elliot would have been a lot easier if Courtney had remained an asshole. Now that she was trying to make amends, I suddenly felt horrible for kissing Elliot. I

wanted to pass it off in my head as just a harmless kiss, but it hadn't been. I had felt too many things to just pass it off as that. Although conflicted, there were no regrets regarding what Elliot and I shared. I couldn't forget that moment, and I didn't want to. Courtney and I didn't have to be friends, but what exactly were Elliot and I?

Chapter 4

Elliot

My finger lingered over the caller ID of a woman I had hooked up with a couple of times in the past. I enjoyed her because she knew what to do and knew that this wouldn't go beyond a couple of fucks. It was a no strings attached type of arrangement, and since that was so hard to find nowadays, I didn't want to risk losing it.

Normally, I would have sent out the call already and waited about fifteen minutes until she was at my front door, but this time, the task seemed harder than usual. I couldn't bring myself to do it, and it was fucking stupid because I knew the reason, and it didn't make any sense to me.

I couldn't stop thinking about the petite brunette who had sparked something inside me from the very first day I met her. She occupied my thoughts like a parasite, and I didn't know why. Yes, she was beautiful and sexy in that timid way, but I've seen beautiful, and I've seen sexy. I've fucked both, so what made her any different? I didn't know the answers; I just knew that she made me feel things I had never felt with a woman before. As soon as my eyes had caught wind of her, I knew in my heart that I was damned for the rest of eternity. She hadn't touched me, she hadn't said a word, and yet I wanted to have her in my house to fuck and to be by my side forever.

The most insane part about feeling something like that for someone was that she was just as old as my daughter, and never in my life had I felt such an attraction towards someone so young. I was still trying to figure out what made her so different, but I came up with nothing each time. I just knew I had to have her.

Tonight only heightened that fact more than before. They had only been thoughts earlier – me trying to figure out the attraction and trying to run around it, but tonight I had seen her so vulnerable and sweet with a need I hadn't mistaken in her eyes. I knew lust, and whether or not she knew it herself, it was all over her. She reeked of it. I couldn't resist. I knew then and there that I had to give myself a taste of what I didn't have before but what I craved more than anything in this world.

And the kiss didn't disappoint. In fact, it was more than I had imagined over the past days. I had drawn up scenarios in my mind of what she would taste like and had played the scene repeatedly in my head. Yet, she surpassed my expectations, delivering on mind-

numbing degrees. I had wanted so much more – I wanted to bury my cock inside her then and there but had to quickly remind myself of where we were and who she was. She had put me in a trance and had occupied every single cell in my body, that even now, as my body buzzed with need, I couldn't bring myself to call another woman.

I muttered a curse and flung my phone to one side of the bed, finding it hard to believe that I was rejecting a woman I often depended on for my pleasures for someone I had only kissed. How was I even sure there was more to be had after that? I knew that Jane wanted me as much as I wanted her, but there were factors to consider.

I sighed as I flopped back in bed and tried to rid myself of the small little minx, but all I could see were images of her as I thought back to the kiss and how sweet and soft her lips had been. My cock had hardened to steel in an instant, even before her lips grazed mine. No one had ever had that effect on me before, and I was curious to know why that was the case with Jane. Even now, as I thought about her, I could feel a stirring in my groin and regretted not calling up my no strings attached woman. I couldn't bring myself to do it – not when I felt guilty to think about any other woman but her. I went to bed with my cock in my hand, trying to give myself some relief but found myself wanting more each time.

The following morning, after a restless night, I was tempted to head over to Courtney's dorm just so I could see Jane, but I knew that Courtney would find it strange that I was there on a weekday, and two, she was probably not even there. I went to work, and the look of distress on my face must have been evident because my good friend Isaac came into the office with a look of puzzlement on his face.

"You look like your dog just died," he said as he flopped into one of the chairs in front of my desk.

"I don't have a dog," I said dryly.

"I know, but if you had one, and it died, that's what you'd look like."

I raised my brows and sighed. "What do you want, Isaac?"

"I can't come to say hi to my boss and my best friend?" He asked a bit dramatically.

"I'm not in the best mood," I mumbled as I scribbled on a piece of paper.

“I can see that. Who’s the girl?”

My eyes snapped to his. “What?”

“Well, I know this face. Only two things can have you like this: a woman or the business. Business is going great, so who’s the girl?” He asked. I scoffed as I stared at him. I guess we knew each other long enough to know our triggers.

I decided to indulge him. “So yes, there’s a girl, but she isn’t the type I’d usually go for,” I explained, leaning back in my chair.

Isaac’s brows furrowed. “So she’s ugly and isn’t a bimbo?”

I rolled my eyes. “That’s not what I mean. Of course, she’s beautiful, but…she’s around Courtney’s age.”

Isaac’s eyes widened. “What the hell. How did that happen?”

“That’s the thing… nothing happened. All we did was kiss.”

“Oh, but that’s something. Where did you even meet this girl?”

I scratched the nape of my neck. “Courtney’s dorm. She’s her roommate.”

Isaac’s mouth fell open, his hazel eyes going wide. “No fucking way!” He said before he started to laugh. “So, is she like those pushy college girls that swoon over guys like you?” He asked as he rocked back in his chair with a smirk.

I shook my head. “I doubt she’s even had sex before. She has innocence written all over her,” I said.

“I’m telling you, man; those are the type you need to watch out for. They’ll just seep their way in like a drug, and before you know it, you’re on an alter saying I-do.”

I scoffed. “Don’t get ahead of yourself now.”

Isaac leaned into me. “Listen to me. Run. Beg Courtney to get another roomie if you have to, but this will only end with you being pussy whipped.”

I laughed. “You know I’m starting to regret telling you this.”

Isaac shook his head. “You’ve been a player for the longest while. Do you really want to risk that?”

“Would it be such a bad thing?” I said as I choked out a laugh. “I’ll be forty years old soon.”

“And you really think this supposed virgin, who is closer to twenty than thirty, is gonna settle down with you and give you the time of day? Elliot, once she gets her first cock, you’ll be just a memory.

She'll roam the continent and live her best life. Sorry to break it to you, dude, but you'll be old news. Literally. Emphasis on the old," he blinked.

I shook my head. "You're overthinking this."

"And you're only thinking with your cock, as always. Find a woman around your age and settle down if that's what you want, but steer clear from this girl."

I didn't say anything.

"Don't take this as a challenge, man. I'm warning you; this will end badly, and plus, there's Court to consider. She's had enough disappointments in her life to deal with this as well."

I sighed as that last sentence hit home. "You're right, you're right. This can't go any further."

Isaac sighed and finally relaxed in his chair. "Good."

I managed a smile at him and thought about it, knowing I would do anything to keep Courtney from hurting, even if it meant not having a woman I felt such an attraction to. And, plus, Isaac was right. Jane was young and hadn't even experienced life yet. There was so much to explore, and I didn't want to stand in the way of that. As hard as it was for me to do, I had to stay away. For everyone's sake.

***

That weekend, I did the usual and went by Courtney's dorm, so we could spend some time together. For the past couple of days, all I had tried to do was get my mind off Jane, but to no avail. Trying not to think about her did more damage than actually thinking of her. All I kept replaying was the kiss, her beautiful face with her long, dark hair and her big brown eyes. But I had promised myself to steer clear, as Isaac suggested.

I knocked on the door and hoped Courtney would answer and we would be out in the next second. As much as I wanted to see Jane, I knew I shouldn't. I knew that one look from those innocent doe eyes would break my control and my promise. I waited impatiently, but in a few seconds, the door handle rattled, and the door burst open. But it wasn't Courtney who was on the other side. It was Jane. When she saw me, her eyes widened a little, her lush pink lips slightly parted as she stared up at me. Her hair was down and tumbled down her shoulders in soft waves, and her shoulders were bare because all she had was a towel draped around her. I could bet she was naked

underneath, and my cock began to stir at how close I was to tugging it away and seeing it all. I swallowed and folded my fists as I tried to cling to every bit of restraint I had.

I tore my gaze away from her and looked around the room.

"Hey, is Court here?"

She shook her head. "Er… no, she said she had to run out for a sec, but she'll be back. I didn't think you'd be here this quick," she said as she gripped onto the top of the towel.

I cleared my throat and glanced at my watch. "I'm right on time, Jane." I smiled. "You look beautiful."

Her cheeks reddened instantly. "Thank you."

"How have you been?" I said as I stepped inside. She backed up a little.

"Great. You?"

My cock was getting harder by the second. Her scent filled my nostrils, and I couldn't take my eyes off her dewy skin that still had a few beads of water in certain areas. She smelled so fresh; all I wanted to do was run my tongue along every inch of her perfect body.

"All I've been able to think about these past days is you, Jane. You've ruined me with one single kiss," I said.

She swallowed. "I'm sorry."

I chuckled. "No need to be. I just need to know that you feel the same way."

"I do… but Courtney," she said.

"I know, and that's why I'm still standing here and not inside you instead."

The smallest of gasps left her lips. Our gazes met, and I tried my best to control myself because I'd become too familiar with the look in Jane's eyes. She wanted this; she wanted me. Before I saw it coming, she sprung towards me and captured my lips with her. I collected her against me, wrapping my hands around her as I scoured her mouth like it was something I had been deprived of for eternity. Her breath was minty, her lips even softer than I remembered, and her body was the perfect fit against mine. I pulled her tighter against me, so she could feel the evidence of my arousal pressing into her stomach. She moaned against my mouth and sucked desperately on my tongue. Her small hands raked through my hair, the pads of her finger distributing heat all over my body. My hand went down to her ass as I caressed the firm little gloves through the fabric of the towel.

One movement, and I could have her bare skin on my hands if I wanted to. The longer we kissed, the more I craved for that to become a reality. I wanted her all over me; I wanted to feel every inch of her. I kissed her hard, my hand sliding up under her towel as I squeezed her firm little ass cheeks. She moaned and pressed herself further into me as if trying to feel more of my hardness on her. I almost smiled against her mouth as I massaged her flesh into my palm and slid my fingers through her cheeks and further down, where my finger grazed the sodden entrance of her pussy. She gasped and bit down on my lips. Fire erupted through me as I moved with her toward the small bed that I probably couldn't even fit on. But who said we needed it anyway. I was burning up, fire running through every single vein in my body.

But as soon as Jane touched the bed, she paused and tore her lips from mine, breathing heavily, her entire face flushed.

She shook her head and adjusted her towel. "I'm sorry, we can't, Elliot," she said

I sighed because I knew that as much as I wanted to fuck her, she was right. This was definitely not the time and place.

"Courtney is finally being nice to me, and I don't want to ruin that," she explained a bit shakily as she raked her fingers through her hair.

I rubbed my forehead and licked my lips, nodding because I understood where she was coming from. I knew the right thing to do was leave her alone, but I just fucking couldn't. I didn't have that level of control within me. This need I felt for her was insane, and if I didn't have her soon, I would probably lose my mind. My gaze shifted toward her small work desk that was toward the window. I moved over to it, my boner like a third leg as I walked. Jane watched me closely as I drew for a piece of paper and a pencil and scribbled my address and my number on it. I walked back to her and handed it to her. She looked clueless.

"That's my address. If you ever change your mind, Jane, you know where to find me."

She swallowed as she examined the contents before looking up at me. She nodded and that small sense of reassurance was all I needed to get through my days.

Chapter 5

Jane

That night, while Courtney was out, I decided to call Bailey because she was always good at giving advice. I gave her a ring and hoped she would answer, although it was probably too early in the morning for her. The phone rang a few times, and just as I was about to hang up, she answered.

"Hey you," she said groggily.

"I woke you, didn't I? I'm so sorry." I said as I bit my lips.

"Don't be, my alarm was just about to go off anyway. I have a busy day ahead," she said as she cleared her throat.

"Is everything alright?"

"Yeah, my mom and I are just gonna visit a few places, is all. What's up with you?"

"Nothing much. Remember I told you the other day that Troy was in town?" I said.

"Yesss, my dream man!"

I rolled my eyes. "I left out some very important details," I said softly.

"What?" She prodded.

I paused a bit. "Well, we went to this street fighting thing and guess who I saw there?"

"Who?!"

I gave her a run-down of everything that had happened that night, including the fact that I had seen Elliot fight, and afterward, we had kissed.

"No fucking way! What?"

"I know, right. It just happened so fast, but it was great, Bailes," I explained almost dreamily.

"You're a whole lot braver than I thought, bestie," she giggled. "So what happened after that?"

"He left, but earlier today, he came to meet Courtney. She wasn't here, and we kissed again, but things went a little further this time."

"Wh– you had sex with him?"

“No, but there was a little groping — anyway, I broke things off, but then he gave me his address, and I don’t know what to do!” I squealed into the pillows.

“Well, what do you wanna do?! You have to know!”

“Bailes, he’s Courtney’s dad!”

“Yeah, the same Courtney who doesn’t give a shit about you and treats you like crap.”

“She has been a lot nicer these past couple a days. I just don’t want any drama, you know.”

Bailey sighed. “So you’re willing to miss out on this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity because you’re afraid of what will happen?”

“Yes!” I exclaimed. “And this might be exactly that. A one-time thing, and I don’t wanna lose my virginity to someone who’ll forget me the next day!”

“You don’t know that!”

“Bailes, I’m not blind. I’ve read about guys like Elliot, and I’ve seen him in movies and real life. They have girls on speed dial. They don’t stick to one woman. I know that much!”

“You might be wrong, but either way, if this is something you want, go for it.”

“And then what?”

“Let tomorrow worry about itself. You’re almost twenty-three years old. Any longer and your cooch will be out of service indefinitely.”

I laughed and rolled my eyes. “Quit being dramatic.”

“You’ve never been this way over a boy … ever. Who knows what’s on the other side of fear? You might like it.”

I sighed. “I don’t know.”

“Tell me something; do you go to bed with him on your mind and wake up with him still there?”

I bit my lips. “Yeah.”

“Well, there you have it. I’d say it’s worth it. Life’s too short to be holding back on what could make us happy. Go to his house and have the time of your life. Zero chance that he will disappoint.”

I groaned. “Ugh, I wish things weren’t so hard!”

“They aren’t. You’re just trying to make it so.”

After a few minutes, I ended the call with a heavy sigh, somewhat

clear on what I wanted to do but still a bit conflicted. I knew I wanted Elliot, but I didn't know if I wanted the baggage that came with having him. I didn't want this to be a one-time thing. I knew I'd want more and never even liked the concept of one-night stands, to begin with. But what if that was what Elliot wanted.? A quick fling with his newest conquest before he moved on to the other. I didn't want that, but I wanted every second with Elliot, which was stronger than anything else.

On Sunday, I had made up my mind and decided that I would head over to his place in the evening. Courtney was there, but I couldn't look her in the eyes because even though we weren't friends, she was being nice to me, and it felt wrong to go behind her back. I was already guilty over something I hadn't even done yet. What was going to happen when it actually did?

I watched a movie that afternoon while she was wrapped up in bed, not having left all morning. I was tempted to ask if she was okay but wanted to mind my business in case the old Courtney snapped at me. I decided to stay out of it, but then her sniffs alerted me that she was crying. I glanced over and watched as her body trembled, and her crying became louder. I sat there, not knowing what to do or how to approach her. Yes, she had been nice, but there was still a lot that I didn't know about Courtney and her triggers. I knew nothing.

I swallowed hard and walked over to her side of the room, standing before her as I stared down at her small body, covered from head to toe in her blanket.

"Courtney, is everything okay?" I asked

She sniffed once and shuffled in the bed. "I'm fine," she croaked.

I wasn't sure what to say. "Do you want me to get you anything?"

She pulled the covers from her face and shook her head, her eyes and nose red and wet. "No thanks."

I rubbed the nape of my neck. "Do you wanna talk about it?" I asked.

She eased up on the bed and crossed her legs, her head now out, the rest of her body still wrapped in the blanket.

"My mom wants to see me."

My lips moved wordlessly because I couldn't understand what she meant by that and why it had her crying. "I– is that such a bad thing?"

She wiped her nose. “She’s in rehab.”

I froze. “Oh. I–”

“For a while, it was going so good. y’know. I was living with her and going to school, and she had her job. Then it all started going downhill when she started seeing some asshole…” she croaked. “It was like she became a completely different person altogether. She started doing drugs and just transformed into this person I didn’t even recognize.”

I swallowed the lump in my throat. “Courtney, I’m so sorry.”

Tears flowed from her eyes. “That’s why I moved here with my dad. I lived with him for a while until I decided to stay on campus. I’m just afraid that he’ll change, too, and I’ll be disappointed again,” she sniffed.

My heart broke. “Courtney, your dad is a good guy. He wouldn’t...”

“I’m just afraid to lose him, too, y’know. Maybe I’m the problem.”

“You aren’t.”

“You don’t know that. Look how awful I was to you, and you didn’t even do anything wrong,” she sniffed.

“All is forgiven. I understand.”

She hung her head. “I don’t know if I want to see her … not yet.”

I rubbed her shoulder. “It’s okay to give yourself time to heal. You don’t have to if you don’t want to.”

She nodded as she looked up at me with so much emotions in her eyes. Before I saw it coming, she flung herself into my arms and hugged me. I was taken aback but didn’t do anything to fight it. I allowed it to happen as she continued crying on my shoulders, knowing that whatever I had planned with Elliot was off the table as of now.

Chapter 6

Jane

Days had passed, and I still had Elliot's number and refused to use it – refused to head over to his place because I knew it'd be the wrong thing to do. I couldn't get involved; Courtney had opened up to me, and breaking that small ounce of trust would be unforgivable. I thought I would eventually forget Elliot if I gave myself time – that over time, the feelings I had for him would fade, and things would be back to normal.

But every day proved that no such thing was going to happen. I was growing to miss a man I had never been with for more than fifteen minutes, which was confusing as well as torturous. I didn't know what to do. Another weekend was rolling by, and I didn't know how I would look him in the eyes when he came to see Courtney. So I started making plans to be out of the house whether he came by the Friday or the Saturday.

When Friday rolled by, he didn't come, and I was conflicted with feeling relieved as well as disappointed. It was stupid, but I couldn't help myself or the emotions I felt when it came to Elliot.

Saturday morning, Courtney got dressed, and I figured Elliot would be there any minute, so I quickly escaped to the door.

"Hey, we're going to this new restaurant in town. You might have heard of it; *Pablo's*… wanna come?" She asked.

Well, that was something you didn't see every day. "Er… nah. I'm about to head out now anyway."

She smiled. "Ouuu, have a hot date?"

I laughed. "Nah, just gonna pick up some things."

"Ok, well some other time then," she smiled.

"Yeah, sure. See you later."

***

I went out and eye-shopped for a while before settling at the café to have a light snack. It was dinner time, but I didn't feel like much except a french vanilla and a ham sandwich. I scrolled through my dormant social media, researched a few topics for my class on Monday and just sat there as I overlooked the street ahead. I thought back to

when Elliot had seen me here and how he came to sit right at this very table. It was amazing what had happened since then.

My phone rang, and I glanced down at the caller to find that it was Troy. I smiled and swiped the screen to answer.

"Tell me you're out having fun and not cooped up in your room," he said, and I grinned.

"I'm not in my room, but I'm not out having fun either."

"You're at that little café, I bet."

"Correct."

"Your roomie's dad is fighting again tonight," he said.

I stiffened. "How do you know that?"

"This guy I met at the court when I was there. He filled me in."

I swallowed. "I bet you wished you were here."

"Yeah, not only for that. I miss you too."

I smiled. "I miss you."

"Want me to cashapp you some money so you can bet on him."

My mouth fell open. "Are you kidding? Troy, I'm not doing that!" I exclaimed.

He laughed. "I know, I know, but it wouldn't hurt to go see what he's up to and maybe fill me in," he said casually.

I rolled my eyes. "You know it isn't my scene, and what happened to your guy? Isn't he gonna be there?" I asked.

"Unfortunately, no, that's why he asked me. He's gonna be out of town, I guess."

I sighed. "I guess I could drop by to see how he's doing," I said but knew it wouldn't be so much for Troy, but more so myself. I guess I wanted that peace of mind knowing he was okay, although the whole thing was such a tear-jerker.

"Great. I heard it starts at 7:30 PM, but it's best to be a bit earlier in case."

I removed the phone from my ear to glance at the time. I had thirty minutes to an hour. "Okay."

"I'll text you the address. Be careful, though. Stay where others can see you."

I laughed. "Troy, I'm not five years old."

"I know, but still."

“I love you; I’ll talk to you later,” I said. We said our goodbyes, and I hung up with a sigh, dreading the whole thing. But half an hour later, I was taking an Uber to the location he had texted, which was not the same one as last time. This place was an old junkyard with old cars stacked on top of each other. The good cars were parked outside the fence where I was dropped off, and a few people were going inside where the excitement was. I pulled at the hem of my dress and rubbed my arm as I followed the thin line of people. The closer we got, the more boisterous the noise was, and before long, there was a small ring like the last time with people forming the circle. Two men were already inside fighting while people boosted them on, some standing on the tops of cars so they could get a better view of what was going on. I looked around and regretted my decision to come. There were only a few females around, and some of the men looked like they belonged in biker gangs. The place was dark for the most part, except for the small light posts that went through the premises. I was probably the shortest person there and the smallest too.

I went in front of a car where a vacant spot was and rested my back against an old car. A few people were in front, but I had a clear view of what was happening inside the ring. The fight ended shortly, and the other was ready to begin. I hoped it was Elliot because the quicker I saw what was happening, the quicker I would leave. Elliot entered the ring shirtless, in jeans alone, his body looking as hard and muscular as ever. I licked my lips and crossed my arms, looking around to see if anyone was seeing how I blatantly drooled for him. Luckily, everyone was too focused on the fight ahead to even care what I was doing.

The referee gave the go-ahead to start, and both men started to hop around the ring before making their first move. Elliot was the first to tumble back when he received a punch in the jaw. I gasped, but he quickly collected himself and kicked the guy in the stomach. He fell to the ground but quickly got back up before Elliot could charge at him again.

With another kick from Elliot, he fell flat on his back with a thud that echoed through the noisy crowd. Elliot didn’t give him any time to recover this time. He charged on top of him and straddled his legs over his chest before he started packing punches to the guy’s face. I cringed, feeling bile rise to my throat at the blood that oozed from the guy’s face. The referee ran up to them and pulled Elliot off before he flung his hand in the air, sending the crowd into a frenzy.

I quickly made my way out, regretting I hadn’t called an Uber earlier. I walked out to the front for some quiet and made the call. A few minutes later, I stood there waiting and looking around to see if I

was safe enough.

My heart started to plummet in my chest when I saw two men talking and smiling at me. I tried to swallow the fear in my throat but to no avail. I was close to shitting my pants.

“Hey, beautiful,” one with grills on his teeth said as he walked up to me. “We can take you home if you want,” he said as he nudged the other in his side and snickered at him. He joined in on the joke as they both moved toward me, smiling.

I took a step back. “Please, I don’t want any trouble,” I said, hating that my voice didn’t come out the way I wanted it to.

“Oh, we don’t want any trouble at all, love. We just wanna get to know you,” the same one shrugged.

I swallowed. “I’m not interested, sorry.”

The grimy smile fell from his lips. “I don’t remember asking your opinion,” he said with a firmer tone. I was close to having a heart attack with the way my heart was beating and a second away from screaming.

“Jane?” A voice came, and my head flashed to the right to find Elliot standing there with a scowl as he sized up the two men. “Everything alright here?” He asked as he approached.

“Hey, man, why don’t you just mind your business,” the instigator exclaimed. The other looked at Elliot and then at his friend as if he had lost his mind.

“This is my business,” he said between clenched teeth. He was still shirtless, his body glistening as he unwrapped the gauze from his hands.

“Come on, man; we should just go.”

He scoffed at the friend. “Don’t tell me you’re afraid of this asshole!” He said with a sly grin.

“He just knocked down a guy in less than five minutes. What the fuck. This chick’s not even worth it,” he said as he gestured to me, eyeing me up and down scornfully.

“Oh, I think she is,” he said, and I gasped as he pulled me into him. Before I could process what was happening, Elliot was right in front of us, and a loud crack sounded, followed by an even louder howl. The guy’s grip on me loosened, and he staggered back, clutching his bloody nose and crying tears. The other friend’s eyes widened as he looked at his friend. Elliot gave him one hard stare, and he went running off, leaving his friend behind who tumbled behind with his

hands red with blood.

I looked at Elliot, and a shiver ran down my spine at the look he had on his face. The devil himself would be scared.

“Are you okay?” He asked, eyes roaming across my face.

I nodded, pinning a lock of hair behind my ear. “Yeah, I’m fine.”

His face eased. “What are you doing here all by yourself? I thought this wasn’t your scene,” he smiled.

I cleared my throat. “My brother is your biggest fan now.”

He smiled. “And here I thought you were here to see me. Where is he?”

I blushed. “He went back home. I’m here alone.”

“You shouldn’t be. A lot of assholes come to places like this.”

“I’m starting to see that.”

He smiled. “Come on; I’ll take you home.”

I shook my head. “That’s okay, my Uber is on its way.”

“Let me,” he said with a tone that could make any woman drop to their knees.

“Okay,” I said as I walked with him toward his car. My body was already on fire, and there was no stopping the flames. I hopped in his new RAV4 and waited for him to enter.

“Give me a minute; I’ll just go grab my stuff,” he said; I nodded, and then he was gone.

I eased back into the cool leather seats and managed a sigh. I knew the logical thing to do was to go home. I couldn’t trust myself around Elliot, but at the same time, my panties were already soaked for him. All he needed was to look at me, and I would get wet. It was that simple. These past weeks had been the hardest, and now that I was seeing him again, it became even more surreal – more intense. A small percentage of me wanted him to just drop me home, but I wanted more than anything for him to bring me to his house instead.

When he returned, I squeezed my legs together and stared at the road ahead, knowing my wandering eyes would probably get me in trouble.

“Ok, let’s go,” he said as he started the car.

“I er - I’m sorry I didn’t actually take you up on the invite – I …”

“Jane, you don’t need to explain. I understand.”

“You don’t. I was actually ready to do it, but then Courtney opened

up to me, and I just couldn't."

He glanced at me. "Well, I'm happy to hear that, at least."

I stared at him. "Are you? She's afraid to lose you, Elliot. She's afraid you'll disappoint her as soon as she moves in with you. That's the real reason why she doesn't want to live with you."

His brows furrowed. "What?"

"She thinks she's the problem. It's like she thinks everything will turn to shit once she touches it."

He cast his eyes back to the road, and his Adam's apple bobbed. "Courtney knows I love her more than anything in this world."

"I'm sure she knows. She just wants a little reassurance, I guess."

He nodded. "Thanks for letting me know, Jane."

I nodded in return. "I don't want us getting together to break her. I know she'll hate me and resent you…"

"Courtney is a big girl, Jane. We're all adults here."

I raked my hands through my hair. "It still doesn't excuse the fact."

He immediately pulled over to the side of the road. He turned to look at me, and my heart plummeted. "For the past weeks, I haven't been able to think about anything but you. That has never happened before, and I'm finding it hard to just pass it off as a simple crush."

My cheeks warmed, and heat began to pool between my legs. "We might be making a mistake," I softly said.

"And what if we aren't?" He challenged.

I swallowed, speechless. "I know you feel it, too, Jane. Don't try to deny it. It's written all over your face."

I must have been as red as tomatoes at that moment and hotter than the Sahara desert. What was the point in controlling something so inevitable? Something so pure and intense. I had never felt like this in all my life, and the truth was, I didn't want to ignore it.

I bit on my lower lips for a quick second. "Take me to your place."

Chapter 7

Jane

As soon as I stepped into Elliot's two-story home, he moved toward me and cupped my face with his hand. He smiled down at me and kissed me on the forehead. "You'll wait until I take a shower?" He asked.

I nodded. "Yeah."

He smiled. "Would you like me to get you anything to drink? To eat, perhaps?"

I smiled. "I'm fine, I promise."

He nodded, kissed me quickly, and then moved to the bathroom. I bit my lips as silence welcomed me. I was in Elliot's home, which was just as masculine as him, with the black leather sofas, and the grey and white walls. Everything was dark except for the few artificial green plants he had that gave it some color. However, everything was crisp and clean and in perfect order, and that caught me by a bit of surprise.

I bit my lips because the closer I inched upstairs, the more I could hear the shower running. I had a thought that I couldn't believe even crossed my mind. I entered his bedroom and glanced at the neatly spread bed and the soft grey carpet. I kicked my shoes off, pulled my dress over my head and tore my undies off – left completely naked. I walked softly to the adjoining bathroom with my heart in my mouth. This was the most spontaneous thing I would ever do in my life.

As I stepped inside, I could see his frame through the fogged shower mirrors. I swallowed hard as I watched his silhouette, my eyes moving down the length of him, stopping at his midsection where his erect penis was long and hard. I bit back my gasp as I feasted my eyes on him and wondered if I could even fit him. There was this nervous knot in my stomach, and yet I could feel the wetness between my thighs that told me I needed every inch of him.

I slid the glass door across, and his head snapped toward me, a look of surprise on his face.

"Jane," he said as his eyes moved from my face and down the length of my body. His Adam's apple bobbed, and his eyes darkened lustfully. I couldn't get enough of his body or how the water trickled down every taut inch of him, caressing every crevice. I longed to have my body against his in such a way.

I stepped inside and almost gasped when the water hit my body and flattened the hair on my head. I could feel my nipples hardening under the warm spray, my core begging for pleasure.

“I couldn’t wait,” I said as I raised my palm to place it on one large pectoral muscle.

He reached for my hand and clasped it in his before placing a gentle kiss on the back of my hand. My lips parted for him, and he obliged me with a kiss that weakened my knees. Nothing stood between us now. It was just skin against skin, and my body acknowledged every inch of his. My nipples were like hard pebbles against his slightly hairy chest, his length resting like a pipe against my stomach. Heat radiated between us, and my body buzzed from the sheer bliss of the moment. I kissed him like I was starved, reacquainting my lips with the feel of him. It felt like forever since I kissed him and wanted to cherish every single second. My hands roamed the plane of his broad back while he squeezed my ass – one glove seemingly fitting in the palm of his hand. He spread my cheeks, and I could feel as my core puckered almost audibly for action.

“Ohh,” I sighed against his mouth, leaning my neck to the side as he left my mouth to suck on the slender column. My eyes rolled over as a bolt of pleasure shot through me. My hands moved against him, going to his hard buttocks before I slid it between us and captured his hardened length in my hand. He held me tighter, sucked on my skin deeper, and I moaned as I wrapped my fingers around him, sliding my palm over the smooth head that drew a moan from him.

He was so hard, so strong. I could feel the power in that single muscle and was too eager to have it inside me.

“Oh, Jane. You have no idea what you’re doing to me,” he whispered huskily against my ear, nipping the lobe for a brief moment before he captured my mouth again. In the next instant, I was in his arms, wrapping my legs around him while my lady-bits rested on his upright cock like a chair. With a single movement, he could have it inside me, and I was hoping that would be the case, but he turned the shower off and stepped out with me in his arms, pressed against his firm body.

We were dripping all over the place, and I was pretty sure mine wasn’t just water. He laid me on the bed and hovered over me, taking in every inch of my body.

“My gosh, you’re beautiful,” he said as he knelt before me. “Tell me this is what you want, Jane, and I promise to give you the best experience of your life,” he said, lips pinker than usual.

“I want you, Elliot. More than anything,” I said, finding it hard to believe that I was actually saying those words to a man. This was actually happening, but it suddenly occurred to me that I had left out one very important fact in all this.

“But there’s something I’ve gotta tell you,” I said softly as I eased up on the bed. He looked at me with a puzzled look on his face.

“What is it?” He asked.

I looked away from his gaze. “I– I’m a virgin,” I said in what sounded like a whisper.

My heart thudded as I awaited a response. I half expected him to cancel everything, but then he smiled, and I was the one who was left confused. “I know. It doesn’t change how much I want you.”

My lips moved wordlessly. “How did you know?” I asked.

He smiled. “I just did,” he said, but I boiled it down to experience. He’d probably been with so many women, he could spot the different types from afar. But how could I expect less when Elliot was a man who had it all?

He moved in to kiss me passionately on my lips, and I could feel the juices pooling between my legs. I moaned as I clung to him, his mouth moving from mine to my neck, where he took his time to caress every erogenous zone with his tongue. I arched my neck and rested my palms behind me on the bed as his tongue sparked flames on my skin. One hand moved to my breast as he kneaded it into his hand, his mouth covering the other as he sucked on it gently. His hot mouth covering one of the most sensitive parts of my body drove me nuts. I was already writhing on the bed, rolling my hips as I tried to make sense of what was happening to my body.

“Ohhh,” I whispered, my fingers raking through Elliot’s silky soft hair as he pleasured me. He moved from one breast to the other, giving the other the same treatment as the previous one. I began to moan, because with each passing second, the pleasure got more intense, the arousal almost explosive inside my body. If Elliot continued like this, I would definitely cum over and over again without using his cock.

He finally eased up, smiled and kissed me briefly on the lips before placing his hand on my chest and gently pushing me back to lie on the bed with my feet hanging off the edge. He was still kneeling before me and I gasped when he pulled me by the hips, allowing my ass to rest at the edge while he parted my legs.

My heart thrummed in my chest as it occurred to me what he was

about to do. I propped myself on my elbows and looked at him perched there, looking at my vagina while his hand caressed my thighs.

“Elliot,” I said, swallowing hard.

He looked up at me with lust-clouded eyes. “I swear I’m salivating to taste you,” he said. “Every inch of you is breathtaking, Jane.”

I couldn’t say a single word after that. Just watched as his eyes returned to my flesh, as he used a single finger to rub on my hardened clitoris. I whimpered and trembled at the sudden pleasure and how sensitive I was to the smallest touch. His finger went up and down my slit, and I reddened as our gazes locked.

“You’re so wet for me, baby,” he said huskily before he dipped his head and lathered his tongue across my flesh.

“Ahhh!” I voiced, falling back on the bed.

Elliot was right between my legs with his tongue on my cunt, and the longer he stayed there, the more surreal this became. This was actually happening, and I couldn’t formulate thoughts that went beyond him. He occupied every cell in my brain.

I moaned as his strong tongue parted my slit and went up and down my clitoris and then my tiny hole. I knew I was wet, and his tongue added another layer as his warm saliva oozed against my skin. He licked me and sucked each of my lips in his mouth before he went to tongue-fucking me again.

My back arched on the bed, my legs twitching, but Elliot still held them up, so he had as much room as possible. “Oh, my God!” I exclaimed.

Without even easing his mouth off me, Elliot added a single finger inside me and worked it in while his tongue flickered on my clit. My body jolted as I gripped the sheets, hoping to regain some of the control I had lost on myself. His other hand moved up my damp body, clutching onto a single breast while he continued to work my cunt. His ability to multitask was mind-blowing.

“Oh, Elliot, please,” I found myself saying, not knowing exactly what I was asking for; I just felt like I was about to lose my mind.

He squeezed my tits and added another finger. My mouth formed an ‘O’ at the sweet intrusion that stretched my flesh and magnified the pleasure within me. He gently worked that finger in as it slid effortlessly inside me due to my wetness.

“Fucking hell, Jane,” he rasped. “Do you think you’re ready for me?” He asked as he moved faster.

“Y- yesss,” I managed, my head thrashing from side to side, my body curling.

He met my gaze and continued to thrust them inside me until the pleasure built and overflowed inside me. I stiffened, words failing to leave my lips as my heart pounded and pleasure erupted inside me. It was the most glorious feeling–one I had no control over as my walls clamped down on Elliot’s firm finger, and a sudden rush of juices flooded my vagina.

Elliot moaned and pulled his fingers out, rubbing the wetness over my slit and my clit. I flinched, feeling too sensitive to the touch. My chest rose and fell rapidly as I rose and descended on my high.

Elliot came beside me on the bed and kissed me softly on lips that were still gaped open and a body that was still trembling. He had a proud look on his face, which was warranted after what he just did.

“How do you feel?” He asked as he shuffled behind me and pulled me up against him, his head right at my ear, one hand propped beneath me, the other over me.

“So amazing,” I whispered, rubbing up against his hard body, feeling his cock right beneath my pussy. I wanted him so much it ached.

“Do you think you’ll come just as hard for my cock?” He asked, his warm breath fanning against my skin, his hand trailing up and down.

I didn’t think it was possible to get wet with mere words, but I gushed a little at the question. “Harder.”

He chuckled and kissed me on the ear. “That’s my girl.”

I jutted out my ass, and he adjusted a little and placed my leg over his. The arm under my head held one breast while he used the other to rub his smooth hardness at my entrance. I gasped, closing my eyes as I awaited the pleasure. He pushed himself inside me, and I stretched with acceptance of his length and girth. He only had the tip in, but my head was already swirling with pleasure.

“It’ll hurt for a bit,” he said as he rubbed my clit a little, forcing my walls to clamp around the head. I reached around for his ass, pressing my palm against it as I urged him to continue. With one single thrust, he inserted himself deep inside me and broke my hymen. I screamed, clamping my eyes shut as brief pain assaulted my body. Elliot paused and kissed my face as his hands slid against me.

I acquainted myself with his size, the tears at the brim of my eyes. But it wasn’t so much because of the pain; I was so overwhelmed, finding it hard to believe that I was finally with my dream guy. My

pussy burned while Elliot throbbed inside me, but after a second, he started thrusting slowly, ridding me of the ache with his huge cock that provided me with the sweetest invasion. My moans were constant as every thrust made me feel better each time. I was soaked for him – so incredibly wet that I could clearly hear each thrust.

"You're so tight, baby – fuck," he said against my ear as he held my hips and squeezed my tits with his other hand.

I realized he got deeper each time, but he was still moving incredibly slowly, as if afraid to hurt me. Admittedly, there was still a dull ache there, but the pleasures I was getting from his manhood made it feel almost non-existent. This was better than his fingers, and although his mouth had done a fantastic job, I just couldn't get enough of him in me. I felt the connection to my heart and knew this certainly couldn't be a one-time thing for me. I suddenly feared the idea of it being just that for Elliot. What if he didn't feel the same? However, I wasn't going to allow it to ruin the moment. I was on cloud nine, and I wasn't planning on coming down anytime soon.

"Faster, please," I whispered.

Elliot paused for a second as if unable to believe his ears. "I don't want to hurt you," he said, the concern evident in his voice.

"You won't. I want to feel all of you, Elliot," I said, emboldened by pleasure.

Without another word, he pushed himself deeper inside me, and my breath hitched as pleasure erupted through me and an ache when he pushed too far. I gasped repeatedly after each thrust that went to unknown territories. I was so full, so stretched, and I was still oozing juices for him. Elliot started to move inside me relentlessly, not holding back, and for a second, I second-guessed my earlier request.

I was tender, but the more he fucked me, the pleasure overcame every bit of discomfort that I felt. His hands slid around my hips and found my clit, which he slowly rubbed as his cock disappeared inside me. My mouth hung open before I bit back down on my lips to prevent a scream.

It was so intense. Elliot was right behind me with his body moving against me, him inside me, one hand planted on my breast and the other on my clit. The distribution of pleasure was making me heady, the heat in the room…. Our slippery bodies. He started to move even faster inside me, and my whimpers and moans were endless. The mattress creaked, the headboard was loud against the wall as Elliot fucked me like the stallion he was.

"Oh, my God, Oh Elliot!" I purred.

“I won’t ever get enough, Jane,” he rasped as he filled me over and over with his cock. “This pussy is mine and only mine; tell me you understand that.”

His thick voice sent shivers down my spine, and my pussy clenched at his words.

“Yes! Oh, yes, Elliot! Ahh!” I said as I clamped my eyes shut, trying to hold out while my orgasm beat at my gates.

“Are you on the pill?” He asked, and I froze up for a bit.

My heart was bursting in my chest. “N- no, but I want you to cum inside me.”

“Jane–”

“Please,” I said, and just then, the dam broke inside me, and I screamed as my orgasm took its course. My body convulsed, and my walls clamped around Elliot while his cock continued to rage rampage inside me.

I trembled, my body shaking violently as my orgasm racked my body. Then, just when I thought I’d pass out from Elliot’s length still inside me, he filled me all the way and bucked, grunting as he released his seed deep inside me. A tear fell from my eyes as my body went into a deep state of relaxation – almost like I was floating and the weight of the world had been lifted off my shoulders.

Elliot moaned and sighed as he ran his hands along the flare of my hips, his cock still throbbing inside me as he emptied every single warm drop of cum. My pussy continued to clench around him until he withdrew and then clenched at the emptiness.

Elliot turned me around, and as my legs closed, I knew the pleasure might have numbed the aches, but I would surely be sore the following day.

We were face to face, and he smiled at me. “How do you feel?” He asked, pushing my hair back away from my face.

“Like I’m in a dream or something.”

He smiled. “I’ll take that as a good thing.”

“I never imagined my first time to be this good, but it was truly more than I expected,” I smiled, my eyes fluttering.

He kissed me on the forehead. “I’m happy to hear that, baby.”

I felt warm all over, and the bed suddenly felt like cotton. I snuggled up to him with a smile, and he leaned back on his back, allowing me to rest my head on his chest.

I smiled as my hands trailed down his taut body, documenting every inch of him to memory. He did the same to my back; everything felt right in the world. But then my fingers passed over something at his side – just below his ribs, and I eased up to see what it was.

It was a huge, long scar, and I gasped as I inspected it and how it had marred his skin. My eyes instantly filled with tears as I glanced up at him.

"What happened?"

He got up with his back against the headboard and pulled me to him, kissing me gently on the lips. "I was in the army for almost ten years. Enlisted two years after Courtney was born. Things were going great before I er – I got shot and almost lost my life," he said with a tight, unhumorous smile that went as quickly as it came. "I had to have a kidney removed because of the damage from the gunshot. It was one hell of a time, princess," he genuinely smiled this time.

I glanced back to the scar. It wasn't obvious to the naked eye, and I might have missed it if I hadn't felt it. He had tattooed a feather in and around it, making it almost spotless.

"I'm so sorry that you had to go through that," I said, my voice a bit shaky.

He kissed me on the forehead. "Don't worry about it. I'm alright now."

I clenched my jaw tight as a thought occurred to me. "But why are you even doing the street fighting? Elliot, one hard blow down there, and you can be seriously injured." My voice got higher as the seriousness of the situation resonated with me.

"Jane, I'll be fine."

"But you don't know that!" I said to him, knowing I had no right to. I didn't want to turn Elliot off by passing my place.

He sighed lightly. "After I recovered, it felt like I was losing control over my life. I loved being out there, but in one single moment, it was all taken away. I was angry for the better part of my life, battling PTSD. And then a friend brought me to this other junkyard on the other side of town. That was when I started the whole street fighting thing. I felt so alive, Jane, you wouldn't even understand. I felt in control again, and things started falling into place. I started my manufacturing business, and things have been great since. I don't know what I would do if I lost that."

I bit my lips, totally understanding where he was coming from. "But what about Courtney? You haven't even told her about it. What if she

finds out?"

"She won't. Now stop worrying your pretty little head about it and come here," he said, pulling me in for a kiss.

I caved despite the serious conversation that was just had. All it took was his lips on me and his hands making trails over my body for me to forget everything else but what was happening in the moment.

Chapter 8

Elliot

I clenched my teeth and muttered a curse as I feasted my eyes on the way my cock was disappearing in and out of Jane's creamy pussy. The way her small tits bounced up and down in her chest, and her mouth hung open while tiny gasps escaped her luscious lips. I couldn't have enough of the silky softness of her cavern and the warmth that radiated through my cock and my body. She was tight and wet, her juices glistening on my length as I thrust back and forth inside her. Her lips were stretched to the max from my size, battered pink from the relentless fucking.

I grabbed onto her hips and pulled her into me, allowing her to meet my thrusts as I went hard and deep inside her. She whimpered, and the sound was like music to my ears that gave me some sort of encouragement. If I had no control, I would have filled her cunt with my seed again, but I wanted every second to last as long as possible. Jane had already had her orgasm, her tightness trying to milk the cum out of me, but I had held on like my life depended on it and held back, wanting to give her two orgasms before I had mine.

Her sweet pussy contested that as she met each thrust with a clench. I bared my teeth and dug my fingers into her skin, burying my entire length inside her before I fell atop of her and met her heated body. Her gasps filled my ears as I continued to fill her with sharp stabs. Her fingers trailed down my back, skewering my flesh with her sharp nails.

Our slippery bodies moved against each other, her hardened nipples rolling against my chest and increasing the pleasure. She collided again, screaming loudly as her inner walls hugged my cock, and her fingers went deeper into my skin. I muttered a curse, and my legs buckled as the pressure built and I released my load inside her. She was whimpering like a baby, and I was grunting as her tightness drained every drop from me. Once again, I had filled her with my seed, and I would do it over and over again as I was already addicted to the sight.

Breathing heavily, I kissed her softly and eased up as I slipped from inside her warmth. She moaned and closed her eyes in her state of bliss while I watched as her pussy lips closed after my cock's retreat. Her flesh moved in and out, her wetness smeared all over her cunt. I clenched my jaw as a dollop of cum rolled from inside her and down her tight rosebud.

The sight was enough to get me hard again, but Jane was clearly exhausted as we had fucked throughout half of the night. It was now morning.

I collapsed beside her and watched as her eyes fluttered, a smile on her face as I caressed her dewy cheeks. Truth was, if Jane had asked me to stop fighting, I would have in a heartbeat. It was crazy how I was willing to let go of something I had held on to for so long for a woman I had only known for a couple of weeks. As her eyes closed and sleep took over her form, I came to the conclusion that losing Jane would be worse than losing my chance to fight. And then there was Courtney, on the other hand. She had been so devastated throughout my recovery that it would be almost ruthless to break her heart in such a manner again. The last thing I wanted her to think was that I was in danger. Fighting would be an absolute no for her, and after all, she was going through with her mom, it would simply be too much.

I smiled as I looked down at Jane. Never in my life did I anticipate for this to happen. She was young and just about ready to take on the world. I didn't want to stand in her way, but, at the same time, I didn't want to lose her. I didn't know what to do or how to ask her if she wanted to be my woman. I had been so versed with women, but none had made me feel the way Jane had, especially in such a short time. It was frightening, and maybe I should be running, but running meant not being able to have her by my side, and I couldn't have that.

I fell asleep beside her, and we both woke up some hours later to make love again before ordering some food. She told me about how she had lost her parents and that her brother was the only one she had left. I wanted to reassure her and let her know that she had me as long as she wanted me, but I didn't want to scare her away. We weren't a hundred percent transparent with our feelings, and there was still the elephant in the room. There was so much to be discussed, but I was afraid that reality would knock us back on course, and I wasn't quite ready for that.

She sighed as she pulled on her discarded clothes and smiled at me. "I wish I could stay longer, but I have to finish up a few assignments for class tomorrow."

I walked up toward her and hugged her. "You'll come back here tomorrow?"

She kissed me. "I will."

I walked her to the front door and watched as she climbed into the Uber and left. I sighed, the sudden emptiness taking its course within me. Prior to this, I was always contented with being alone, but after a

night with Jane, I was pretty sure I wanted her in my bed and by my side day after day.

That following evening, I came in early to prepare dinner, wanting it to be a surprise for her. I prepared steak, greens and a side of mashed potatoes and was happy with the outcome. I waited for Jane and smiled when I heard a car being parked out front. I immediately wiped my hands and moved toward the front door to welcome her. Much to my surprise, the doorknob rustled before I even got there, and before I could open it myself, it popped open, but it wasn't Jane who was on the other side.

"Court!" I said, my body gone stiff.

She smiled and looked at me with a hint of confusion. "Is everything okay, Dad?" She asked.

I cleared my throat. "Of course, I just wasn't expecting you is all," I said as I managed a smile and hugged her.

We broke apart, and her eyes scanned the living room. "Is that food I smell?" She beamed. "Are you expecting someone?"

I glanced at my watch, following behind her as she moved toward the kitchen. "Er – kinda. Is everything okay?"

She turned to me with a huge grin after seeing the meal and the glass of wine I had put out. "OMG, why didn't you tell me you were seeing someone?"

I rubbed the nape of my neck. "I was er- I was waiting first. I didn't want to speak too soon."

She approached me with a warm smile. "Well, I'm happy for you, Dad. I can't wait to meet her!" She grinned.

I paled. "Is everything okay, Court. You don't usually visit on weekdays."

She huffed out a sigh and propped herself on one of the kitchen stools. "I'm in a bit of a dilemma. I want to get your opinion on something, and it's been really gnawing at me lately."

Curious and concerned, I took a seat beside her as well. "What is it, sweetheart?"

She licked her lips and cracked her knuckles. "Mom has been asking to see me."

My brows rose. "What?"

"She's saying she's getting better and wants to see me. I'm confused, Dad. I don't know –

“Hey,” I reached for her hand. “If you aren’t ready, you don’t have to. You went through a lot with her, and she knows that. Part of her healing is allowing you to heal as well.”

She nodded. “But what if she doesn’t see me come and relapses again? I don’t want that to happen.” Her eyes filled with tears.

“Court, your mom is in a very good place and has professionals taking care of her. She’ll be fine, and she’ll also understand if you’re not ready,” I said.

She sniffed and nodded. “Ok, but maybe I can visit her in the summer. Would you come with me?”

“Anything for you, baby girl,” I said as I pulled her into my arms and hugged her. She tightened her hold on me, and my heart warmed.

“Thanks, Dad, you’re the best.”

Just then, the doorbell rang, and I froze. Fuck! Courtney pulled apart with a beaming smile and hopped off the chair.

“Oh, that must be her!” She squealed as she ran into the living room toward the door.

“Courtney, wait!” I called, trying to keep up with her.

But I was too late. She opened the door, and Jane stood on the other side, her face instantly going pale when she saw Courtney standing there. She looked like she was about to pass out as she stood there in her little pink dress, her hair flowing down her shoulders. Shit!

“Jane, what are you doing here?” Courtney asked, her brows furrowed with confusion as she turned to glance at me with her gaze full of questions. Courtney was a smart girl. No sooner had that question come, I could see her fitting the puzzle together in her head. She looked from me to Jane.

“What’s going on here?” She demanded firmly.

“Court, lemme just explain…” I intervened.

Realization dawned on her face suddenly, and her eyes widened, already glistening with tears. “You’ve got to be fucking kidding me!” She exclaimed. “You two?” She asked as she pointed at both Jane and me. “She’s the date, Dad?” She asked me, her eyes wide with terror as she looked to me for answers. I could see the disappointment in her eyes, and it broke my heart.

“Sweetheart, let me explain…”

“What’s there to explain?!” She snapped. “You’ve been going behind

my back and fucking my roommate!" She turned her anger toward a frozen Jane. "And you have been acting like a goody two-shoes all this time when you're really just a fucking slut. I opened up to you, I started to like you!" She exclaimed.

"Courtney!" I scolded.

"I'm so sorry, Courtney. The last thing I wanted to do was hurt you," Jane cried.

Courtney scoffed. "And yet, in the space of a fucking month, it became the last thing. If this were your idea of getting back at me for all the smack talk I hurled at you, con-fuckin-gratulations, job well done!" She exclaimed as she shoved past her, almost knocking Jane to the ground.

"Courtney!" She called as she ran to her car. I pulled her out of the way as Courtney sped off, just inches away from running over Jane.

I pulled her against me as she sobbed. "Hey, everything will be fine. She just needs some time to process and cool off."

Jane peeled herself from me as she sniffed. "This was a mistake," she sobbed. "I knew the shit would hit the fan, and I still allowed myself to be caught up in you. I knew nothing good would come from it, and I was only fooling myself!"

I clenched my teeth. I've felt pain in my lifetime – understood it to a 'T,' yet her words pierced me harder than any weapon ever could. I swallowed. "Come on, Jane, don't say that."

She forced a dry laugh through her tears. "Just admit it, Elliot. I was only good enough for you for a few fucks, but I knew you would soon get tired of me and move on to the next best thing. I was just going to satisfy you for a while, and as great as it was for me, I knew I would be the one to get the shitty end of the stick."

"That's not true," I defended.

"Isn't it? You're going to move on, and I'm gonna have to move on because this won't work."

I clenched my teeth at the idea of someone else touching her – someone else being inside her. "You're mine, damnit. Only mine. No other man will call you theirs as long as I live."

Her jaw worked up, and her small mouth drew thin. "I'm not your property, Elliot. I'm not something you could have whenever you feel like it!" She said between clenched teeth.

Fire was pumping through my veins, and my thoughts were still a mess from what had just happened, but I couldn't ignore the fire in

Jane's eyes and how I was itching to touch her – to taste her despite the magnitude of the situation. I clamped my mouth to hers and kissed her hungrily and passionately, more than I'd ever done before. There was a slight hesitance from her, but she opened up to kiss me and reciprocated the passion that I offered. However, it was short-lived as she tore her lips apart and slapped me, the sting coursing through my body.

I flinched as I stared at her wordlessly while she did the same, her chest heaving. That should have been enough to make me take a step back, but I didn't, and neither did Jane. Much to my surprise, she collided into me and kissed me again, hard and deep. Joy erupted through me, and I kissed her back, kneading her soft lips into my mouth, which was a bit salty from her tears.

My cock swelled in my pants; I pushed her back against the wall and kicked the door shut as my hands roamed over her body. She reached for my belt and fumbled with the buckle, eager for my cock. When she opened it, I pulled it down and stepped out of it. Jane gasped when she felt my girth that throbbed to enter her. I reached between her and hoisted her dress, bringing her panties to the side before I lifted her in my hands. She wrapped her legs around me, and I kissed her again, both of us seemingly out of breath as we raced for the pleasure that was so near but which seemed so far. I reached for my length and guided it to her entrance, filling her with one single thrust that had her mouth opening against mine.

I moaned at how wet she had gotten in the short space of time. No foreplay was needed because Jane was already soaked for me, and that simple fact brought me great joy.

I buried my face in her neck and pushed myself inside her, wanting the walls of her hot pussy to sheath the entire length of my cock. Her heat encased me, the headiness of her perfume made my head swirl as I fucked her hard and deep. Her whimpers filled the air again, and I continued to fuck her hard and deep, so I wouldn't stop hearing them.

Feeling like I was going to bust, I pulled out and flipped her around, so her ass was against me. I reached for her breast and pushed my fingers through the low-cut cleavage, filling my palm with the firm mound and pointy nipples.

I entered her from behind, and she gasped as I buried myself inside her. She oozed more juices as my cock effortlessly slid back and forth within her, her round ass cushioning every thrust I made. I parted her ass cheeks, wanting to get as much of my cock inside her as possible. She cried out and briefly rested her forehead against the wall as her pussy started to clamp down on me. I slowed my pace a bit, pulling

her up against me and forcing her back to arch as I held her throat and kissed her exposed neck.

“You’re mine, Jane. Fucking mine,” I rasped against her ear as I emptied my seed inside her. She moaned as her knees buckled, too satiated to utter a word.

Chapter 9

Jane

I woke up in Elliot's bed, my mind too fogged to remember how I ended up here. He was fast asleep beside me, and little by little, the night before became clear, and guilt started to poke at me. I couldn't believe I had succumbed to Elliot's lustful ways - couldn't believe that I lacked so much self-control that I had caved in the most intense situation. I should have spent the entire night apologizing to Courtney, yet I had been wrapped up with her father all night.

I felt sick to my stomach, and my eyes stung as tears threatened to spill. Leaving Elliot's side was the hardest thing to do, but I knew it had to be done. I couldn't stay and allow his daughter to resent him. Hating me was fine, but I just couldn't sit back and watch as their relationship fell apart. We weren't friends, but I would have done anything to have my father for another day. She had hers, and I couldn't ruin that.

Sniffing, I slowly eased up from the bed, the sweet aches in my body telling me that I should stay. Elliot was a fantastic lover, and it was easy to get caught up in his charms and great sexual abilities, but it was just the worst timing. We couldn't happen.

With shaking hands, I pulled on my dress and bound my hair in a ponytail. My heart ached as I watched him; I gently placed a kiss on his cheeks before I gathered my things and went downstairs to call an Uber. Tears were already streaming down my face, and I didn't do anything to stop it. My heart ached too much. Before I left, I went in search of a piece of paper to leave a note. I found a notepad on the coffee table in the living room and quickly scribbled a message: *Please don't come after me. This won't work. I'm sorry.*

I used the back of my hand to wipe my eyes, I slowly walked to the kitchen, my vision cloudy from the tears. As I stopped in front of the fridge, I wiped my tears again and the long streaks on my cheeks. I sniffled, and tensed my jaw to do what I had to. I looked at the note, then at the fridge. I tried hard to stop the tears, but they only kept flowing.

As I stood there, trying to fight my tears and toughen up, I saw the pots and the wine that were left out, and my heart tugged. Elliot would have been the perfect man if things hadn't been so complicated. I would gladly call him my forever man, but we were two different people living in different worlds.

I stuck the note to the refrigerator and left the house, waiting down by the gate for my ride and hoping that he wouldn't wake up before then.

I cried all the way to the café because I didn't know how I could face Courtney. And plus, if she saw that I'd come back in the same clothes, she'd know I'd stayed at Elliot's house. She would hate me even more, and I just couldn't deal with the guilt that would bring me.

I ordered a strong coffee and dialed Bailey's number.

As soon as she answered, my sob broke free. "Jane, is everything okay?" She asked.

I sniffed and attempted to wipe my eyes before I attracted any attention. "I slept with Elliot," I choked.

"Wh- Jane that's great, but why are you crying? What happened?" She asked.

"Courtney found out, and now she hates the two of us."

"Wait a sec— how did she find out?"

"I went over to Elliot's place, and she was there. Things just got so out of control. I made a mistake, Bailes."

"What mistake?" She asked. "You loved being with Elliot, didn't you?"

I sniffed. "I did."

"So how is it a mistake when you were only making yourself happy?" She asked, sounding genuinely curious.

"Don't you get it? She feels betrayed. Just when we were starting to get along, this happened. And plus, she's all sad about her mom being in rehab and — it's just too much, Bailey."

She sighed. "Listen, Courtney is an adult, you're an adult, and Elliot is an adult. You're all adults in this situation. If she wants to bitch about who her dad dates, then maybe she needs a couple more years to mature. Don't ever beat yourself up for putting yourself first," she exclaimed.

"But it's selfish…"

"No, what's selfish is her acting like you belonged on the cross next to Jesus. Now, as short as the time was, I've never seen you this excited about anything as you were about Elliot. I know you care for him, Jane. You may regret this opportunity if you walk away."

I rubbed my forehead. "I just wished things weren't so complicated, y'know."

“Life is never easy. Sometimes, we just have to make some tough decisions. Talk to Courtney and apologize for not telling her earlier, but at the same time, also tell her about what you feel for her dad.”

I smiled. “I don’t know what I would do without you.”

She giggled. “You’ve got this.

After an hour, I returned to my room and took a shower. Just as I was done getting dressed, Courtney stepped in. She paused when she saw me, her gaze deadly, and her mouth formed in a scowl.

My heart lurched in my chest. “Courtney, I’m sorry.”

“I don’t need to hear it, Jane. I’m already in the process of requesting another roomie,” she said as she moved toward her bed and picked up the stuff she had laid out there. She snapped her head toward me. “The fact that you stayed there even after all that happened just shows how fucking uncaring you are, so don’t come here and act all innocent,” she said as she rolled her eyes.

I swallowed the lump in my throat. “I really care about your dad,” I blurted.

She scoffed. “You haven’t known him for a month! And just to break it to you, Jane. My dad doesn’t settle with one woman, so all this back-stabbing was all for nothing.”

“Listen, you can be mad at me all you want but don’t be mad at your dad.

“Aww, isn’t that sweet?” She exclaimed dryly. “You could have had any man you wanted, but you just had to choose my dad, of all people.”

“Courtney, this wasn’t intentional. I didn’t set out to hurt you. If it’s any consolation whatsoever, we broke things off.”

She scoffed as she got her things and left the room. I plopped down on the bed with a sigh. There was just no way things would get better.

***

After two weeks, Courtney had moved out, and I was left alone in my dorm for a while. That would have been the dream a few months ago after Bailey left, but now it just didn’t feel right. I still felt horrible for the way things ended, and no amount of apology would get me Courtney’s forgiveness.

Plus, I had not seen or heard from Elliot ever since I left that morning. Regardless of the note, a part of me had hoped that he would try to reach out. But I supposed it was just a clean escape for

him. Courtney had said it, and I knew that Elliot wasn't a one-woman man. Yet, I had inserted myself into his life as if begging to get myself hurt. He'd probably moved on to the next woman already, and I was forgotten.

A tear rolled down my cheeks at the thought, and I shuffled up to the pillows that I had used as a placeholder during my lonely nights. They collected my tears again as I huddled there, thinking about the one man I probably shouldn't have. My heart was breaking in two, and my throat burned from the endless sobs that threatened to spill from me.

I didn't understand the emotions I was feeling. I didn't understand why my eyes stung each time I thought about Elliot. Being away from him was probably a good thing, but my body rebelled against the idea, and my heart was sore from losing a piece every single day.

It was simple. Elliot had ruined me for anyone else, and I was certain I would die with him being the only man I ever touched.

Chapter 10

Elliot

Two weeks felt like forever; that was when I last saw Jane. I had woken up with a smile that morning, content with the fact that she was beside me, but oh, how I quickly realized that she wasn't. I didn't need to search the house for her because I knew in my heart that she was gone for good. I found the small note later on the refrigerator that made me feel worse about everything. All I wanted to do was hop in my car, head over to the campus and convince Jane to stay, but then I remembered Isaac's words.

Jane had her whole life ahead of her, and I didn't want to imprison her. She didn't have to deal with my mess and had already gotten a share during our short time together.

She deserved better, and though it was hard to convince myself of that fact, I knew it to be true. She deserved better than a messed-up army man with family issues.

Every day, I reminded myself of that – that she was better off- it was the motto I used to get through each day. I had gotten Courtney's forgiveness, and we were on good terms again after she had bragged about Jane telling her that we were over. That small bit of info really allowed me to face reality, however harsh.

It was a Saturday evening, and I was having dinner with Courtney, trying to concentrate on everything she was saying but unable to stick anything to memory.

I twirled my fork around the linguine and watched as it fell off before I repeated the process again.

"Dad, are you even listening to me?" She asked, irritated. My head snapped up to meet her gaze

"Sorry, sweetheart, what were you saying?" I asked as I put my fork down and eased back in my chair

She rolled her eyes. "You're thinking about her, aren't you?" She asked. My lips moved to deny it, but what was the point?

She scoffed. "What is it about her? I've seen you date better women."

I shook my head. "I've never met anyone like Jane, Courtney. No one compares," I was quick to say.

Her mouth fell open as she looked at me. "Oh, my gosh, you love

her," she exclaimed matter-of-factly.

There was no denying that either. I realized that a week ago.

"My gosh, I can't believe this is happening! Why her?!"

"You don't choose who you love, Courtney. I was just drawn to Jane. It was like my heart knew before I even realized that she was my person."

"Dad, I can't have a stepmom who's my age!" She exclaimed in frustration, sighing heavily.

I couldn't hold back my chuckle. "Court, you don't have to call anyone anything."

"But that's what she'll be, and that's what people will see her as," she whined before rolling her eyes. "Anyway, I think I've lost my appetite," she murmured as she stood. "Good night."

I opened my mouth to talk but clamped it back shut, deciding not to. It was obvious Courtney was still not happy with the idea of Jane and me, and I couldn't force it. What point did it make now, anyway? Jane had made it clear she wanted no part of a relationship between us. I had gotten Courtney's forgiveness, and that should have been enough. Yet, it didn't feel like it. I eased back into my chair and glanced at the untouched food in front of me that I had no appetite for. With a sigh, I signaled for a waiter, instructing him to pour me a glass of scotch.

***

I was hoping to hear something from Jane for the next few days, but nothing. I burned with a need to see her and be with her. Each day was like torture when I realized I couldn't have any of those things.

I sat in the café, nursing a cup of coffee I had no care for while occasionally looking over my shoulders. I tapped my fingers against the wooden table, my eyes focused on the entrance. People probably thought I was weird for looking around so much, but if they knew my intentions, they would probably pity me.

A petite brunette stepped through the door, and my heart lurched. I craned my neck as I tried to see her face, but as soon as she turned to face me, my heart quickly fell, realizing that it wasn't who I wanted it to be.

With a defeated huff, I left for the office, thinking this was maybe the karma I got for ghosting females and playing with their hearts in the past.

That weekend, Courtney and I went to have our usual dinner at a fast-food joint in town. I picked at my fries and sipped at my coke while she devoured a two-layer cheeseburger, a contented look on her face. I smiled because regardless of all that was happening, Courtney was happy, and that was all that mattered in the end, wasn't it?

"I'm so glad they gave me a single room. I promise, if I had gotten someone I didn't like, I would have moved back home," she said as she shook her head and used her tongue to clean the corners of her mouth.

I smiled. "You know, that wouldn't be such a bad thing," I said.

She shrugged. "In a few months, I'll be done with college and have my own place. I don't want to be moving back and forth."

I nodded and lowered my gaze to the fries as a small silence passed between us. I glanced at Courtney and realized she was staring at me.

"Is everything okay, sweetheart?"

She cleared her throat and reached for a fry, which she circled around in the pool of ketchup. "You know, I've thought about what happened to you and Jane a lot…"

I straightened in my chair. "Court, I'm sorry –

"No, Dad, you don't have to apologize," she said as she met my gaze. "You've been alone for so long, Dad and have been through so much; I want to see you happy."

A small smile appeared on my lips. "I've realized that hasn't been the case since the whole incident."

I reached for her hand to give it a reassuring squeeze. "I'm fine, sweetheart."

She shook her head. "I was being childish and selfish…"

"You were hurt, and I will always regret putting you through that," I said.

"If Jane is the person that makes you happy, then I guess I owe her an apology and a thank you."

I smiled. "Thank you, sweetheart, but it really doesn't matter now. She doesn't want anything to do with me."

"We'll see about that. Jane has a big heart. She'll take you back. Come on," she said as she got up from her chair and reached for my hand.

"Court, are you sure about this?"

She smiled. "I don't wanna be the reason you miss out on the love

of your life, even if it's my ex-roommate, who's the same age as me."

I grinned as I got up and ran alongside her.

We came upon Jane's dorm half an hour later. Courtney was smiling as she knocked and waited for the door to open while I was there, nervous as hell with my palms gone sweaty. But I believed I would feel better if she rejected me rather than living my life, regretting I never went for the opportunity.

The door opened, and Jane stood on the other side in oversized pajamas with her hair caught in a messy bun at the top of her head. Her puffy eyes widened when she saw us, looking at us from one to the other, her face pale with shock.

"Wh-what are you guys doing here?" She stuttered.

Courtney was the first to talk. I just couldn't stop staring at Jane and missing her even more, even though I was curious to know why she had been crying.

"I'm sorry for bitching about you guys being together. I know I said some mean things, and I'm sorry.

She scratched her neck and nodded. "It's fine," she said as she briefly glanced at me.

"It's not. I was being selfish, and that wasn't fair to you or my dad."

She cleared her throat. "I'm sorry, too, for not telling you."

Courtney fanned her off. "Ahh, it's fine. Anyway, I should get going. You two have my blessing," she said before she reached up to kiss me on the cheeks before running off.

I looked back to Jane, and our gazes locked. "Are you okay?"

She immediately wiped at her eyes. "Yeah, I'm fine. What are you doing here, Elliot?"

I felt nervous for the first time in my life. "I came to tell you I love you, Jane."

She froze. "What?"

"I love you, and I wish it hadn't taken me this long to realize, but I believe I fell in love with you from the very first day…"

"Elliot…"

"I know you might not feel the same, and I know that you have your whole life ahead of you, but please make me a part of it," I said, watching as her eyes filled with tears. "I'm not perfect, but if there's one thing in this world I'll do right, it'll be loving you."

The tears tumbled down her face, but she managed to smile through them. “God, I love you too. I love you so much!” She said as she bounded into my arms and hugged me. I chuckled as I held her against me and basked in the bliss surrounding us.

“I was afraid that I’d lost you,” she sobbed.

I pulled away to look at her face. “I’m all yours, Jane. Just as you are mine.” I lowered my mouth to hers and kissed her hard, wanting to make up for all the lost time in a single moment. But I had a lifetime to show her just how much she meant to me.

Epilogue

Jane

I sighed heavily, my chest heaving, as I dropped the last box to the floor and glanced around at the lot that littered the living room. Elliot came up behind me with two in hand, seemingly unaffected by their weight. He carefully placed them on the floor and turned toward me with a smile.

“That’s the last of them,” he said as he placed his hands akimbo and glanced at the clutter.

I bit my lips as I moved toward him. “Babe, are you sure you’re okay with me moving in?”

His brows shot up. “Am I sure? I've never been more certain about anything in my life,” he said, wrapping his hands around my waist. “Do you know one of the many perks of you moving in?” he asked and I could see by the sly look in his eyes where he was heading.

I played dumb, shaking my head as I wrapped my hands around his strong neck. “I get to fuck you every second of the day.”

My cheeks flamed and I grinned. “Well, not every second; you have a company to run.”

“*We* have a company to run. If I don’t fuck you here, I’ll do it at the office – doesn’t matter,” he shrugged.

I was already on fire for him, and he knew just how much. “You just can’t get enough, can you?” I teased.

“Can you?” he shot back, pressing me against his body so that I felt the lump in his pants. My heart fluttered, and my core pooled with arousal.

Elliot dipped his head to mine and kissed me tenderly, each soft caress increasing my need. His hands trailed down my back and to my ass, where he squeezed the firm flesh and molded it into his hands. I moaned against his mouth, my nipples now tight against his chest.

I pulled apart, my lips just mere inches away from him. “I have to go take a shower and then meet Bailey, babe,” I said through ragged breath.

Elliot’s head dipped to my neck, sucking on my flesh. I arched my neck and closed my eyes, clinging onto him.

“Cancel,” he muttered against me, continuing with his deed.

I laughed. “I can’t. This is the only time she’ll have off, and I haven’t seen her in more than a week.”

He finally eased up, his eyes dark with lust as he looked down on me. “Babe, you can’t leave me like this. I’ll go mad,” he said huskily.

I bit my lips as I contemplated on his words. Truth was, I didn’t think I could leave myself like this. I could already feel the evidence of my arousal between my legs and with Elliot right in front of me, how could I even resist?

“Ok, but we’ll make it quick?”

He raised his brow with a grin that told me this would go otherwise, but I wanted this as much as him. No matter how long it would take.

***

I laid on the bed, breathing heavily on my back while Elliot came and hovered over me, pushing my legs back to my chest. He glanced at my nakedness, and I could see him visibly clench his teeth as he drank in the imagery of my gaping wetness. Holding my legs in place, he inserted his cock, and I closed my eyes, sighing as he filled me. My flesh gave a resounding squelch as he entered me and started to thrust into my heat.

He muttered a curse as he went back and forth inside me, his cock popping out occasionally before he filled me harder and deeper again. I moaned and held my legs up, panting hard as he took me. He went fast and then slow, the mixture driving me insane.

“Elliot, please,” I managed, moaning hard.

He bared his teeth and fucked me hard, glancing at my face. “Tell me where you want daddy’s cum, baby,” he said.

“I wanna taste you,” I whispered, sounding breathless.

He smiled and buried himself inside me to the hilt, repeatedly hitting that button that had me quaking and shaking in the bed. My walls clenched around him as he triggered my orgasm, my juices flooding his cock.

“Oh, yes!” I whimpered, squeezing his length until he grunted and quickly pulled out from inside me.

Elliot quickly shuffled up to my head, straddling his legs around my chest before he fed me his creamy cock that was lathered with my juices. I opened wide and took him into my mouth, sucking off my own sweet flavor all the way down my throat.

“Fuck!” he muttered as he eased up and braced his cock down my mouth. He thrust a few times, battering my throat before he grunted and paused, his cum shooting down my throat. I moaned and slid my hands over his firm buttocks while he filled me up with every drop.

Once done, he pulled out, and I swallowed, watching as a dollop of saliva mixed with cum slid down the tip. His manhood throbbed and slowly deflated as he shuffled up beside me, one bulky hand thrown across my chest.

“I don’t want you to leave,” he said, trailing his fingers across my nipples.

I laughed. “Babe, you promised.”

“It’s the weekend and the only time I can fuck you 24/7. Plus, you just moved in,” he argued.

“We’ll have all of tomorrow,” I said.

He sighed. “Alright, but maybe when you’re done with Bailey, we could go out for dinner or something?”

I smiled. “I’d love that,” I said as I leaned over and kissed him.

Elliot reached for his phone on the nightstand and glanced at the time. “I think I should call Courtney and check up to see how she’s doing,” he said.

“I texted her earlier. She said the band was performing in Toronto tonight.”

He smiled. “That’s great. I’m so lucky to have both of you in my life, Jane.”

I blushed and snuggled up to him. “I’m the lucky one. I found the love of my life in one go.”

“I truly hope you know how much I love you, Jane.”

“I do.” I said as I kissed him.

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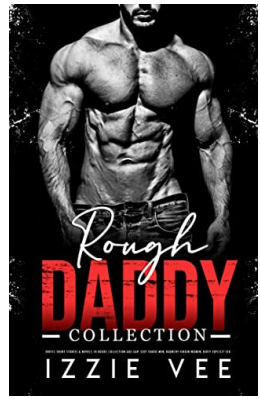

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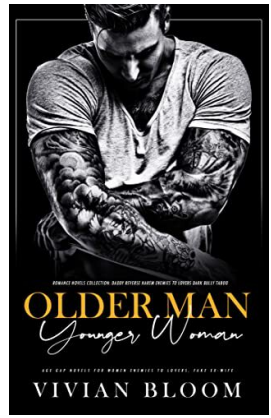

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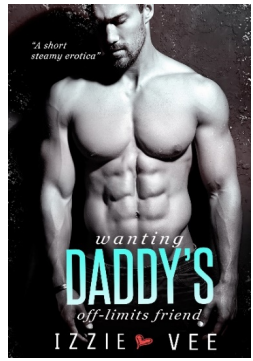

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SAMPLE

I couldn't believe that I was about to head off to college and never had a sexual experience in my life. The person I considered my boyfriend in my senior years of high school was initially the person I thought I would take the big step with but later found that he only had one intention in mind, and that was to fuck the only girl in our year who was rumored to still be a virgin – me. It had hurt, and I had broken off the relationship with a few heated words thrown at him but later realized there wasn't much I wanted out of the relationship either rather than sex.

I didn't want to be a virgin anymore, so I picked the boy that had given me the most attention and decided that he was the one. Unfortunately, he wasn't and here I was, about to head off to college with my hymen intact.

If it were only based on desire alone, then my dream guy would be the one who came over to my house every now and then with all his charm and kindness. He was the first crush I ever had, but I knew there was nothing I could make of the relationship considering he was my father's best friend.

Connor was everything I wanted in a man; he was sweet, kind, caring, incredibly handsome, and packing for his age. He taught gym at the college that I was accepted into, which made my excitement all the more profound. Dad said that Connor would be there to look out for me as he had always done, and I … ***To continue reading get your FREE DOWNLOAD HERE.***